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SIXPENCE.

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THE LIGHT SIDE OF MOTORING: AN IRRESPONSIBLE CHAUFFEUR.

DRAWN BY H. L. BACON.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Happy Dunfermline! The glory of having produced Andrew Carnegie is to be expressed in bawbees for that favoured town. From its wealthiest citizen Dunfermline receives half a million sterling in Steel Trust bonds. The form of this endowment, I presume, is chosen by Mr. Carnegie as a solemn warning to his fellow-towns-men against that economic system under which he and the Steel Trust have dazzled the world. It is a fruitful lesson, taught in a novel way. Another idea of Mr. Carnegie's is to give Dunfermline a theatre for high-class plays. At last the millionaire has come to the help of dramatic art. It is a joy to follow the working of Mr. Carnegie's mind; and I can trace this particular development to Stratford-on-Avon. He is admitted there as a colleague of Shakspere's in the education of Warwickshire. Why not give the Bard a local habitation at Dunfermline? The new theatre should be an apt instrument of this aesthetic reciprocity. Dunfermline will then need but one crowning touch of poetry—the preservation and consecration of the house wherein Andrew Carnegie was born. Let him have a Birthplace like Shakspere's, with suitable appurtenances of trustees, custodians, relics, and anecdotes.

There are misgivings as to the fate of "high-class plays" at Dunfermline. You will meet satirical rogues who cry: "Peebles for pleasure! Dunfermline for the Higher Drama!" It is hinted that theatrical companies which perform what some of us consider "high-class plays" do not seek glory and emolument in that part of Scotland. But why should they not be invited by the municipal owners of the Steel Trust bonds, who can afford to pay for such recreation? It is possible that they may have their own ideas about the drama. Shakspere may strike them as too frivolous. They may think "Macbeth" a flighty misrepresentation of Scottish character and "Hamlet" a disguised plea for the Romish doctrine of a future state. They may ask themselves what John Knox would have said to the Ghost of Hamlet's father on the subject of purgatory. Modern plays, such as appeal to fastidious playgoers in London, may scandalise the trustees of Mr. Carnegie's Birthplace. Moreover, they should have a considerable bias in favour of the art which is practised by natives of Dunfermline. Why not commission a local playwright to frame a drama on Mr. Carnegie's romantic career? I can see in this the germ of a National Theatre for Scotland, and that may be the far-reaching scheme in the millionaire's ambition; for if he had wanted to make the experiment of an endowed playhouse under conditions that appeal to Mr. William Archer and other advocates of this policy, he would have set it going in a more considerable centre of enthusiasm.

Mr. Arthur Symons, writing in the *Saturday Review*, takes up his parable against the newspaper. He says it is our plague, or black death: "an open sewer, running down each side of the street, and displaying the foulness of every day, day by day, morning and evening." He sees it "beating the bones of the buried without pity, without shame, and without understanding." This does not mean that the journalist is a ghoul, exhuming the dead, but that he takes the events of yesterday, and turns their corpses into his stock-in-trade. Mr. Symons has the curious idea that everything which has happened has "ceased to exist"; that it has given itself decent burial, and ought not to be dragged from its grave to be sold by the newsboy. Does the historian, who disinters so many bones which have lain hidden for centuries, beat them without pity, without shame, and without understanding? If Mr. Symons is so respectful to bones, why does he dig them out of the sepulchres of dead authors, and dress them up with his nice little garlands of prose and verse? Why the habit of writing about yesterday's events should indicate a lack of pity, shame, and understanding; why it should be an inhuman orgie instead of the exercise of trained observation, I do not know. Nor do I believe that Mr. Symons knows. But he has a pretty set of picturesque phrases, and he must give them an airing.

Take a few more. The unspeakable newspaper "professes to tell you facts, but never tells you the same fact twice in the same way; for it gorges its insatiable appetite upon rumour, which is wind and noise." How a fact stated twice over, but not in identical terms, is converted by this process into rumour is one of the secrets of English prose as it is written by Mr. Symons. Wind and noise are not absent from literature; they are tempting to many a lively fancy engaged in biographical research; but if I say that some biographers rattle the bones of dead authors in a manner less reverential than is employed by Mr. Symons, do I imply that literature gorges its insatiable appetite upon scandalous surmise? Mr. Symons judges newspapers without discrimination. He is unaware that one journal may print rumours as facts with impunity, while another journal could not adopt this policy without ruin. We may find engaging

qualities in authors who are not conspicuously accurate, while we count upon others who are accurate or nothing.

"Wise and honest men," the censor proceeds, "write for the newspapers; but the wise are hurried into folly by the stroke of the clock, and the honest are chained to a party or to a tradition, and must not speak inconvenient truths." I behold Mr. Symons sternly penning this indictment at his leisure. No clock strikes for him; no printer's devil shoots up through the floor with a sooty complexion, and an odour of sulphur, and says, "Copy, please, Sir!" Better for the *Saturday Review* to come out on Monday than to hurry the wisdom of Mr. Symons. But when we get the finished product of his philosophy, when we know that what happened yesterday has ceased to exist for him, and that to-morrow in the daily history of nations does not excite his curiosity, is this a priceless commentary on life? Do we feel that Mr. Symons is blurring out the "inconvenient truths" that even honest journalists cannot afford to tell? Do we see that if, instead of writing newspapers under the stroke of the clock, we all wrote verses by the free grace of inspiration, the world would be vastly more enlightened, and the sewers would be concealed from view? If not, I cannot guess what purpose these anathemas against journalism are likely to serve.

I have been reading a book by a journalist who finds the clock a great stimulus. When its peremptory face indicates half-past ten in the morning, he dips his pen resolutely into the inkstand, and writes a hundred words a minute for an hour and a quarter. He has an idea for a one-act play at breakfast, and finishes the masterpiece in the course of the afternoon. Serial tales flow from him, in Anthony Trollope's memorable phrase, "like tea from a teapot." This facile genius must have a multitude of readers, and I have no doubt that in many a household the stroke of the clock summons the entire family to devour his thrilling chapters. And yet it is possible to breathe in ignorance of this popularity. A journal dies, says Mr. Symons, if it cannot "please the public." But it lives, like the novelist, by pleasing one public and not another. By the blessed construction of the human mind, all readers do not need the same nutriment; and even the "great writer" who, as Mr. Symons tells us, may be discharged from a newspaper because he does not gratify its patrons, will find his reward elsewhere.

There is a large public known to most of us only through the medium of the Post Office Report. In that document you read of people who post twenty-five million letters in the year without properly addressing them, of people who send money without any addresses whatever, of people who gild the collecting-boxes with sovereigns which burst out of envelopes, and litter them with cheques which are carelessly enclosed. From its Tom Tiddler's ground the Post Office picked up twenty-four thousand pounds in cheques last year, and three quarters of a million sterling out of packets consigned to persons who could not be found. What is the psychology of the nonchalant beings who put the Department to all this trouble, and are probably incensed when their money is carefully restored to them? Are they too much absorbed in newspapers, or in the agreeable exercises of Mr. Arthur Symons, to address their envelopes? Or are they millionaires, ridding themselves of their wealth by turning it loose in pillar-boxes instead of endowing free libraries?

Picture postcards are conspicuous in the growth of the postal business of the country. I was prepared to learn this when I received a postcard from a publisher, adorned with the portrait of his favourite author. Needless to say, this gentleman had a fine open countenance, of which the publisher, with a shrewd eye to the feminine reader, took the utmost advantage. And what for no?—as they say at Dunfermline. I see no reason why an author should not please the public with his looks, if they be not ill-favoured, as well as his books. He may write like an angel, and be extremely hard-featured; or he may be Apollo to look at, but Apollyon to read. Mr. Arthur Symons has all the outward and visible signs of inward and spiritual grace; so I hope his publisher will put him on a postcard without delay. Mr. John Lane weeps, I know, because he cannot do this handsome service for that diffident author who is still shrouded in the mystery of the Red Box. Will not the unknown make one concession and send his photograph? Transferred to a postcard and circulated through the civilised world, this might be identified at last, or go down to posterity among the baffled clues to missing benefactors.

To the autograph-hunter the portrait postcard is useful, but not to the illustrious original. One eminent man of my acquaintance complained to me that his revenue in postage-stamps is sadly falling off. He used to be plentifully supplied by correspondents who asked for his autograph, and enclosed stamped envelopes. He removed the stamps by a dexterous process, and was a comparatively affluent man. Now, he says, he is impoverished by the postcard.

A PARADOX OF PERMANENCY.

It was reserved for one of the ablest of present-day musical critics to expound the philosophy of what he (for want of a better term, and dissatisfied, no doubt, with his own symbol) was pleased to term "modernity." This he explained as that quality in any work of art which is the outcome and recognisable flower of the age in which it is produced, something to which that age responds, something that renders the music, the poem, or the picture acceptable to mankind for certain days and years. But it is a fleeting and evanescent spirit, and creative works that have only this to commend them must sooner or later fail of true greatness. The masterpieces all possessed in their day their peculiar modernity, but it was not all in all: there is within them that which passeth show, and therefore they endure, transcending the limits of time and place. The curious may find it a wholesome exercise to detect, analyse, reconstruct, and as far as possible appreciate the flavour of the masterpiece's own particular period; but this is a sheer subsidiary to the essentials that have made the work immortal.

With some men and with some societies, it would seem, to utter a paradox, that this modernity is the enduring element, and is consequently for them the germ of immortality. Records of certain lives and certain ways of life, though of a very respectable antiquity, seem to touch our own lives so closely that the ancients of the chronicle are one with ourselves. They seem unable to commit the unpardonable modern sin of being "out-of-date." One reason, no doubt, is that, after all, the daily life of one epoch is extraordinarily like that of another, and that the feelings of mankind from age to age, present, at the most, a wonderful uniformity. Differences of environment are but accidental. The life of townships and communities generally has much that is abiding. The Sunday evening strolling, for example, of the citizens of our greater towns never fails to bring the writer into the closest spiritual touch with the similarly employed citizens of eighteenth century Glasgow, as depicted in "Rob Roy," or with the still earlier Londoners of Pepys and Evelyn. So it was through summer twilights, in the townships of old France and Holland, when for the moment war was forgotten in social intercourse. For even in war-time one cannot be thinking all day of battles. Thus it comes about that when some candid recorder has set down the minutiae of his daily life rather than the great and occasional passions, each succeeding age hails him as of itself, and his modernity, revivified by contact with the thought of new epochs, or more precisely, by the recognition that "this is that" (wherein Aristotle declares lies the basis of all artistic pleasure), secures his immortality. The non-permanent becomes, in this instance, the basis of the permanent.

Such a spirit was that of Jocelin of Brakelond, the monk of Bury St. Edmunds whose chronicle (now issued in English by the De la More Press) supplied a text for "Past and Present." In this ancient man's writing, and even more in the work of the reforming Abbot Samson, with whom it chiefly deals, Carlyle discovered so much modernity that he made it the basis of his indictment against his own time. For once he had found the past not degraded to a dead formula, but alive with lessons for posterity. When it is asked, "Whence came this impression of enduring and informative life in the monk's pages?" it does not complete the answer merely to say that Abbot Samson was a strong man who dealt strongly with abuses, a natural ruler over his fellows. Others less obscure have done likewise in greater degree, but they were not fixed upon to teach posterity the evils of the mid-Victorian social system.

If not, then wherefore? Surely it is not too fanciful to put it down to the simple and minute literary art of Jocelin? Without knowing it, the monastic scribe, patiently recording in his cell the works and days of the cloister at Bury St. Edmunds, contrived to base his lastingness on the fleeting: he set down with infinite quiet humour things that might have occurred to anyone in any age. The Sacrist William, over whose peccadilloes Carlyle revels in elephantine jocosity, is just such a financial juggler as comes periodically to grief in our midst nowadays: and oh! the naturalness of the picture, down to its lightest touch! Under weak Abbot Hugh the convent had got into low water. Straightway entered to the brethren (and to Jocelin's pages) an accommodating gentleman named Isaac (who other?) the son of Rabbi Jocce, who, after traffickings in securities, made an advance of £400. Close on his heels came Benedict, "the Jew of Norwich," whose arithmetic was so subtle that in a very few years a debt of £800 came to £1200, "besides interest." Sacrist William's money-muddles and Hugh's pliability called aloud for a deliverer, who came, sure enough (deliverers always do arrive), in Samson; and his virtues afford, doubtless, a most salutary example; but the salt that gives them savour to the present age is the gently persuasive style of Chronicler Jocelin, who, speaking across nearly eight centuries, seems to address us as one of ourselves. He set down his life as he lived it, and lo! the commonplace became alive. Or may it not be that the commonplace has no perilous attribute of modernity, and therefore cannot die young, like the works of mediocrity, which are not essential commonplace, but commonplace slightly distorted? Jocelin distorts only chronology. At drawing the human figure in a cowl his art is nature itself.

In the story of how good days succeeded bad at Bury St. Edmunds there is, however, no deliberate attempt to exalt the commonplace. Herein Jocelin must not be confused with those who, like Euripides and Wordsworth, touched "things common till they rose to touch the spheres." The masters who have achieved this give little impression of "modernity." They are enduring rather by a universality of the sublime. The universality of Jocelin's modernity is on a much lower plane; but of its kind it is universal, and so satisfies the law that makes for life in letter and spirit. This monk was a realist of realists, and, like every faithful realist, apprehended some portion of the ideal; whence his power.

PARLIAMENT.

The House of Lords disposed of the Irish Land Bill and the Sugar Convention Bill. The latter was read a second time by a majority of 108 to 16, and passed at once through the remaining stages. Lord Spencer moved the rejection of the Bill, on the ground that sugar bounties conferred great advantages on this country, which we ought not to abandon out of a philanthropic regard for the convenience of other nations. On the other hand, Lord Lansdowne said that rejection would be a breach of international faith, and that on no principle ought the bounties to be tolerated.

A last effort was made by the Opposition in the Commons to raise a debate on the fiscal inquiry. Mr. Robson proposed to do this by discussing the action of the Board of Trade in making returns, but the Speaker ruled this out of order. Mr. Robson suggested that the Board of Trade had undertaken an exceptional duty which ought to be discussed, but Mr. Balfour replied that issuing statistics was part of the ordinary work of the Department. Complaint was made of Mr. Chamberlain's absence, and Lord Hugh Cecil declared that the Colonial Secretary had made an extraordinary use of the prestige of a Minister to carry on the propaganda of a private politician. This scandal was matched only by the conduct of the Prime Minister. Mr. Balfour received this onslaught in silence, and so the burning question flickered out of Parliament to rekindle its fires in the constituencies.

The path of the Motor-Car Bill was smoothed by Mr. Long's concession of twenty miles an hour as the maximum limit of speed. An amendment to fix the limit at twelve miles after nightfall was rejected. So was the proposal that the magistrates should not convict except upon "exact and decisive proof" as to the rate of speed, but Mr. Long consented to provide that conviction should not be based on the evidence of a single witness. The House rejected Mr. Long's suggestion that a driver should prove his fitness to the satisfaction of local authorities. An amendment to compel motorists not to disguise their features was dismissed with laughter, together with Mr. William Redmond's joke that "nothing in this Act should apply to the present Prime Minister." It was agreed that drivers who refused to stop and render assistance after an accident should be punished with imprisonment on the third offence.

MOB VIOLENCE.

The Governor of Illinois has declared that he will put down lynching with relentless vigour, and President Roosevelt has congratulated the Governor of Indiana on the energy of the authorities at Evansville, in that State, where the militia fired on the ruffians who attacked the jail. "Mob violence," says Mr. Roosevelt, "is one form of anarchy, and anarchy is the handmaiden and forerunner of tyranny." But there are American politicians who regard it as the glorious expression of democratic spirit. Senator Tillman, of North Carolina, applauds lynching with all his might. "Let the good work go on," he says. In North Carolina "the negro has been shot and hanged and burned until he almost knows his proper place." Tyranny, in short, is Senator Tillman's ideal of popular government; and this ideal is so strong in many States that it is declared by moderate newspapers to be "a national peril." The gravest weakness of the Republic is in the open defiance of law by many of its citizens, and the indifference of many more.

ELECTRIC SPEED-TESTS IN GERMANY.

The German Reichstag has voted £14,400 for a new track to be laid upon the Berlin-Zossen line for immediate experiments with electric trains. This is an outcome of recent trials, during which a train built by the Siemens-Halske Company, of Berlin, attained for a brief period a speed of nearly one hundred miles an hour. The tests were abandoned owing to the destruction of the rails, which were too weak to bear the weight of the heavy equipment. The train shown in the photographs given on another page was specially built for the occasion, and the same type of engine and carriages, with certain modifications, will be used in the forthcoming trials, which are to be competitive. Instead of 67-lb. rails, 82-lb. rails will be used, and laid on new fir ties with hardwood plates, eighteen to the rail, ballasted with fine broken ballast. The Siemens-Halske car is divided into three compartments, with seats extending transversely, the mechanician being separated from the passengers by a glass partition. The current passes through a series of four wires, three of which are carried on posts alongside the railway, and thence through the trolley-bar and the transformers to the motors, which are bolted beneath the car upon the axles of the trucks. These ponderous pieces of machinery weigh about four and a half tons each, and move at the rate of 900 revolutions a minute when the car is at full speed. The glass-enclosed cab of the locomotive projects upwards about four feet, and from the top of it extends an iron girder with three sliding contacts. Each locomotive carries four motors, which are contained in its two ends.

In our last issue, by a slip of the pen, the design of the Victoria Memorial was attributed to Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A. It should have been said that, apart from the beautiful statue of Queen Victoria, which will be the central feature of the monument, the memorial is of a strictly architectural character, and is the design of Mr. Aston Webb, R.A., President of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

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Full particulars. Aberdeen Steam Navigation Company, 102, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.; Wordie and Co., 75, West Nile Street, Glasgow; George Houston, 1, Tower Place, Leith.

CHARLES MERRYLEES, Manager, Aberdeen.

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£18 18s. ST. PETERSBURG, STOCKHOLM, COPENHAGEN, and CHRISTIANIA.

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£5 15s. 6d. LUCERNE and GENEVA TOURS, including Ticket and 7 days' hotel accommodation.

£10 10s. ROME TOURS, including Ticket via Dover and Calais and 7 days' hotel

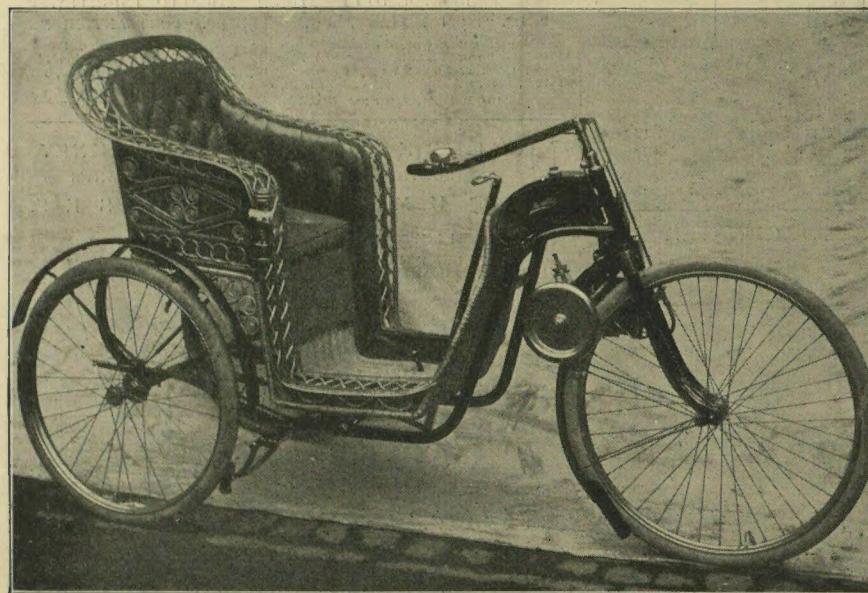
THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING. The King arrived at Portsmouth from Cowes on Aug. 10, and almost immediately left

for London. At noon on the following day his Majesty, accompanied by the Queen, visited Sandringham in order to be present at the christening of his youngest grandchild, the infant son of Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark. On Aug. 12 his Majesty, travelling incognito as the Duke of Lancaster, left for Marienbad, where he remains until Aug. 31. He then adds to the list of his formal "accession calls" by a visit to the Emperor of Austria.

THE CORONATION OF POPE PIUS X. Pope Pius X. was crowned in the Basilica of St. Peter on Aug. 9 with all the pomp and circumstance associated with

such occasions. By six o'clock in the morning, when the doors were thrown open, an enormous crowd had gathered outside the Cathedral, and mishap was only prevented by the coolness of the officials. The interior of the building was, according to custom, draped with red and gold hangings, but the general effect was somewhat marred by the large and incongruous printed notices which were placed on the pillars to warn the assemblage against cheering. At nine o'clock the ceremony began, Cardinal Rampolla, as Archpriest of St. Peter's, formally giving possession of the Basilica to the new Pope by welcoming him to his Cathedral, and by kissing his foot, his cheek, and the Papal ring. Pius X., seated in the Sedia Gestatoria, and preceded by a cross-bearer, two acolytes, and the



A MOTOR-CAR FOR ONE: THE MORETTE.

Motoring is no longer to remain the sport of the privileged few. Slowly but surely the means of mechanical progression are being brought within the purchasing powers of the many. Our illustration shows the motor in its latest form: a species of motor-tricycle for one.

Cardinals, then moved to the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament; which he entered on foot, and there remained for a moment in adoration. He then remounted the Sedia Gestatoria, and, again preceded by his Cardinals and Bishops, passed between Swiss Guards to the Chapel of St. Gregory, where, seated on a throne, he received the homage of the Cardinals and Patriarchs. Here also he was invested with the dalmatica, the cross, the mantle of white and gold, the white silk gloves, and the Pontifical gold mitre. On leaving the Chapel of the Sacrament, on passing the statue of St. Peter, and again on leaving the Chapel of St. Gregory, the Prefect of the Ceremonies, symbolising the fate of the vanity of this world, burned tow in a silver vessel, crying aloud in Latin as the flames died out, "Holy Father, thus passeth the glory of the world." At the high altar under the great dome the Pope began the Pontifical Mass, during the performance of which two Cardinals invested him with the pallium. Concluding this part of the service, he again took his seat, and, the procession being reformed, moved towards a high throne erected before the Altar of the Confession for the culminating point of the ceremony. Then, the Bishop-Assistant at the throne on the right and the Prince-Assistant on the left, the actual ceremony of crowning was performed. The prescribed prayers were recited, Cardinal Steinhuber removed the mitre from the Pope's head, and Cardinal Macchi replaced it with the jewelled tiara, trumpet blasts and the singing of the anthem "Tunes Petrus" heralding the act of crowning. Next followed the recital of the customary three prayers by the Pontiff, and the Benediction, given to the kneeling assemblage. Then it was that the people, ignoring the instructions against it, gave full vent to the enthusiasm which even before had occasionally broken bounds.

TWENTY MILES AN HOUR.

The Motor-Car Bill has had a "gruelling" in the House of Commons, to use the phrase of Mr. Walter Long, who

managed to soften hostility by introducing a speed limit of twenty miles an hour. It is quite possible to drive recklessly at a slower pace, and the motorist will be held responsible for his general behaviour within the twenty-mile limit. If he is involved in an accident to person or property, he will have to stop and give what help he can, or pay a heavy penalty for driving off. The original idea of the Bill was that a speed-limit was practically useless; but the antipathy to motor-cars is so strong that the

Government yielded to pressure to save their measure. That the question of excessive speed can be determined equitably by evidence is an ideal that experience has not hitherto achieved. But a maximum of twenty miles an hour is surely compatible with reasonable uses of the motor-car for pleasure and its possible developments for industrial purposes. What the administration of the new law, which is to have a three years' trial, may bring forth it would be rash to prophesy. But it is no use citing the transient animus against railways as a parallel to the present feeling, for railways are special tracks for locomotives, and highways and country lanes are not.

ANOTHER PUNITIVE EXPEDITION.

tribe are likely to lead to the despatch of a punitive expedition by the Indian Government. If one is considered advisable, it will leave as soon as the cold season sets in.

THE HUMBERT TRIAL.

Judging by the opening of the long-delayed trial, Madame Humbert's promised revelations would seem as empty as her safe. Fashionable Paris has suffered a disappointment, not, perhaps, unmixed with relief. Reduced to plain facts, the "revelations" are apparently confined to the statements that the Crawfords actually exist, but are known by another name. Madame is either a great actress or very much in earnest. Addressing M. Bonnet, the President of the Court, she declared: "Everyone will be paid; the millions will come; the Crawfords, perhaps, will not come, but they exist. Their name only does not exist." And then she stated that if the Crawfords did not arrive with the hundred millions, she would speak. It is noticeable that she found herself unable to locate the Château de Marcotte, which figures in her supposed assets. Maître Labori, who so courageously defended Dreyfus, appears for the accused family.

LORD CURZON. It is understood that Lord Curzon has accepted an extension of his term of office for two years, with a short vacation next year. This has given general satisfaction in India and at home. The Viceroy, although not the most popular man who has held his exalted post, is by universal admission one of the ablest administrators India has ever known. He has shown a remarkable grasp of many problems, and a spirit of reform which is active without being restless, an important distinction in Oriental government. It is no small credit for an Indian Viceroy that he can conciliate the native critic without provoking the Anglo-Indian to grumble more than usual. Lord Curzon enjoys the respect of the vernacular Press, and even of the dusky caricaturist. What he thinks of the political situation at home nobody knows. By prolonging his sojourn in India he is relieved from the necessity of proclaiming his adhesion to any of the statesmen who have turned our old-fashioned party system into a collection of Leagues.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SAILING-VESSEL.

The *Thomas A. Lawson* can claim to be not only the largest sailing-ship ever built, but the only seven-masted craft in the world. She was launched in America a few weeks ago, and has just been completed for sea. She will be used for the United States coast freight trade. There have been four, five, and six-masted schooners before now, but this is the first seven-masted schooner to be constructed. American ship-builders claim that the bigger the unit the less the cost of operation and the larger the profits. We are likely to witness eight, nine, and perhaps ten-masted schooners in the future. The *Thomas A. Lawson* is built throughout of steel, with a cellular double bottom and three steel-plated decks. She is 395 ft. long by 50 ft. beam. Ease in the manipulation of the sails is ensured by the employment of steam-power.

THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF AUSTRALIA.

On Lord Tennyson's retirement in December, Lord Northcote, Governor of Bombay, becomes Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia. Lord Northcote was born in 1846, the second son of the first Earl of Idesleigh, and has had a long and varied career as politician and diplomatist. After an education at Eton and at Merton College, Oxford, he became, at the age of twenty-two, a clerk in the Foreign Office. In 1871 he was attached to the special mission which, under the guidance of Lord Ripon, was despatched to arrange the Alabama Treaty; and in that and the next year he acted as secretary to Queen Victoria's Claim Commission under the Treaty of Washington. As private secretary to Lord Salisbury during the embassy to Constantinople in 1876 and 1877; as private secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1877 to 1880; as Financial Secretary to the War Office; as Surveyor-General of Ordnance, and as a Charity Commissioner, he did much useful, if unostentatious, work. For nineteen years—from 1880—he sat in the House of Commons as member for Exeter in the Conservative interest; and in 1900 he was given the post he is shortly to vacate. Lord Northcote became a Baronet in the year of Queen Victoria's first Jubilee, and was raised to the Peerage on being appointed to Bombay.

Photo. Russell.
LORD NORTHCOTE, G.C.I.E., C.B., THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF AUSTRALIA.

THE ATTACK ON THE FRENCH PREMIER. From the general and the official accounts of the incident which occurred during

M. Combes' return from Cape-

lette, where he had been addressing a meeting of his supporters, to Marseilles, it is a little difficult to discover whether it was the result of a plot or of a drunken man's freak. The general report merely states that a revolver was fired in the crowd; the official account has it that a tomato was thrown from the crowd by a man, one of whose companions fired at the police while they were endeavouring to effect an arrest, and that the man who fired the shots was found to be drunk.

THE PARIS TRAIN DISASTER.

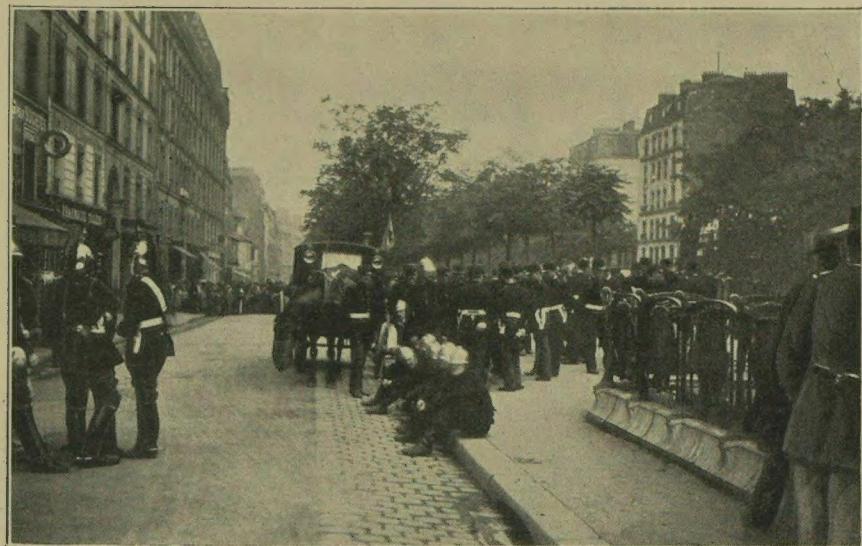
Since the burning of the Charity Bazaar in the Rue Jean Goujon, no such calamity has visited Paris as the terrible disaster which occurred on the Underground Metropolitan Railway on the evening of Aug. 10. The line between the stations of Ménilmontant and Rue des Couronnes is subterranean, and on no part of the system, perhaps, was an accident of any kind likely to be more dangerous. It would appear that two empty trains travelling between the stations mentioned suddenly took fire, the flames spreading rapidly. The tunnel was thus completely blocked, and, to make matters worse, the fusing of the wires rendered the electric lights useless.



A GIFT TO BRISTOL: THE NEW STOCK EXCHANGE BUILDINGS.

The new buildings, erected at a cost of many thousand pounds, formed a surprise gift to the Bristol Stock Exchange by Mr. George White, the President. It had been intended to raise the capital by subscription.

Hardly had the outbreak occurred when a third train, this one loaded with passengers, dashed into the blazing mass. A frantic rush was made to escape, but few were fortunate enough to regain their freedom, and it is feared that at least eighty-four



FIREMEN AND AMBULANCE CARRIAGES WAITING FOR THE LAST VICTIMS.



THE BODIES OF THE VICTIMS IN THE CASERNE DE LA CITÉ.



M. MARUEJOULS RETURNING FROM THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT.

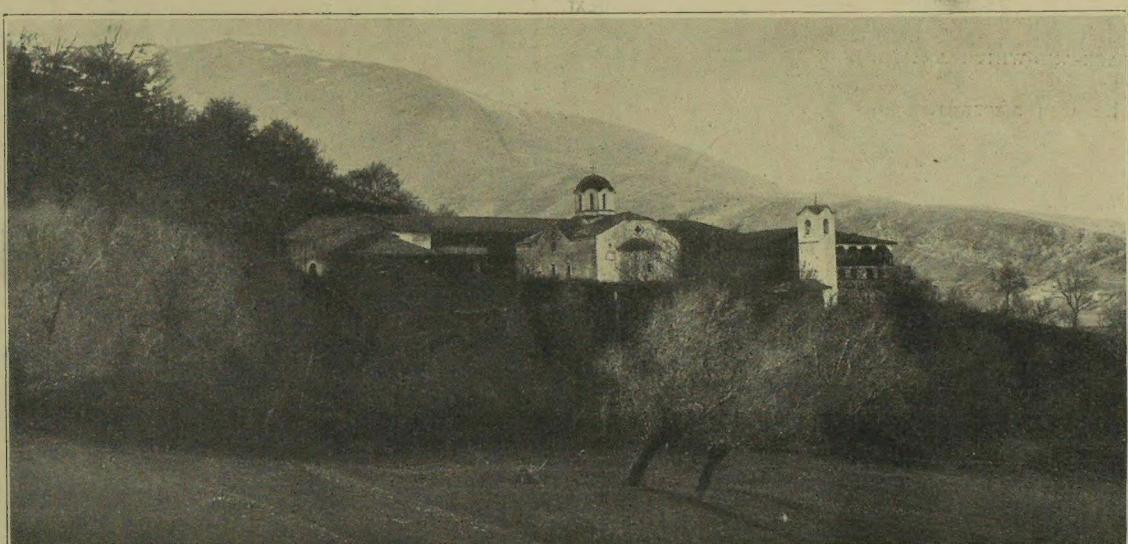


THE REMOVAL OF BODIES AFTER IDENTIFICATION.

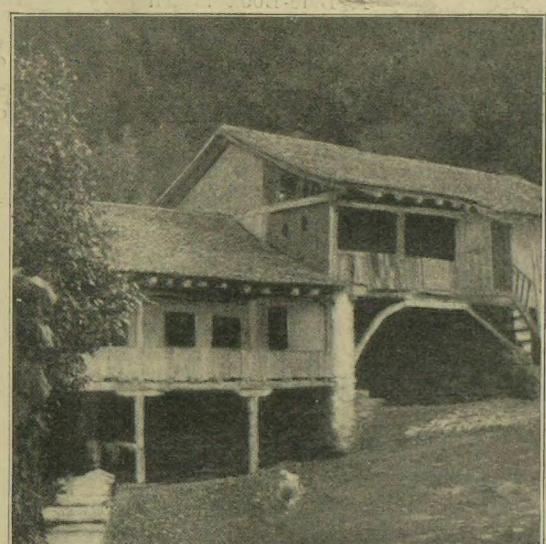
THE TERRIBLE DISASTER ON THE METROPOLITAN RAILWAY OF PARIS, AUGUST 10.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALLON, PARIS.

The fire was due to an electrical short circuit. It was at first believed that there had been no loss of life, but eventually over eighty victims were accounted for.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MONASTERY.



A PART OF ONE OF THE GALLERIES.



A ROOM IN THE MONASTERY.



A VIEW FROM ONE OF THE BALCONIES.

THE MURDER OF THE RUSSIAN CONSUL AT MONASTIR: THE MONASTERY OF BUKOV, M. ROSTKOWSKY'S SUMMER RESIDENCE.

It is stated that M. Rostkowsky was returning to Monastir from an early excursion to the Monastery of Bukovo, when he was killed.

persons perished. The work of checking the flames was exceedingly difficult, both by reason of the uncommon situation of the fire and by the great heat generated, and it was not until three in the morning that they were extinguished. Even then the smoke was so intense and the heat so great that the firemen could not approach Ménilmontant station for another hour. The recovery of the bodies of the victims is said to have been a ghastly task, many of them showing, by their distortion, plain evidence of the pain of their struggle for life. There is reason to fear that the pressure of the accumulated gas will cause the roof of the tunnel to fall.

THE RUSSIAN STRIKE RIOTS.

at Kieff on the previous Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Sixty persons are stated to have been killed, and nearly a hundred severely wounded. On the last-named day the Cossacks drove many of the strikers and their sympathisers into the river.

THE NAVAL AND MILITARY MANOEUVRES.

larger vessels during the Naval Manoeuvres, but it is now possible to give the result from a merely competitive point of view of the mimic fighting between the Red and Blue flotillas of torpedo craft. The former has captured three cruisers, two gun-boats, and twenty-one destroyers; while the latter has accounted for four gun-boats and twenty-four torpedo-boats. The training given to officers handling the vessels is said to have been most valuable. The whole of the twenty thousand troops forming the First Army Corps left Aldershot on Aug. 10 for four days' operations in the field in strict service conditions. Lieutenant-General Sir John French was in command. The manoeuvres, which are regarded as a prelude to the more extensive operations fixed for September, were planned to include a reconnaissance south, an attack on a position, the defence of a position captured from the enemy, and a retirement before a superior force. Three batteries of 47 guns, four guns to a battery, formed part of the fighting equipment; and on Aug. 8 Sir John French witnessed a most satisfactory demonstration of their mobility.

A Blue-Book issued NAVAL VOLUNTEERS. on Aug. 10 contains the regulations for the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. This new force is designed to supplement the existing Naval Reserve, and will be liable to serve either ashore or afloat; if possible, however, only in home waters and the Mediterranean. Members must qualify annually, and must attend not less than twenty-four drills a year, one day's service at sea to equal six ordinary drills. Officers and candidates for commissions are to be examined by the Board of Trade, and, if successful, will be given certificates in navigation and seamanship similar to those granted to yacht-owners. The Volunteers are to have the use of all the Naval Reserve drill-ships and batteries, and an extra drill-ship is to be stationed in the Thames for the London division.

It is now expected that the SOMALILAND. general advance will begin in September, the force moving from Burao through Olesan and Shember Berri. The former place is to become the base of supplies for the Nogal Valley operations. Transport is still the chief difficulty. One camel per man is the estimate of the needs of the expedition, and nine thousand have already been ordered from India, Egypt, and Aden. Gallantry after the disaster to Major Gough's column has earned the V.C. for Captain W. G. Walker (Indian Army), of the Bikar Camel Corps, and Captain G. M. Rolland (Indian Army), Intelligence Officer of the Berbera-Bohotle Flying Column. According to the official report, when Captain Bruce was shot during the retreat to Damot "Captains Walker and Rolland, two men of the 2nd Battalion King's African Rifles, one Sikh, and one Somali of the Camel Corps were with him. In the meantime the column, being unaware of what had happened, were getting further away. Captain Rolland then ran back some five hundred yards, and returned with assistance to bring off Captain Bruce, while Captain Walker and the men remained with that officer, endeavouring to keep off the enemy, who were all round in the thick bush. This they succeeded in doing, though not before Captain Bruce was hit a second time and the Sikh wounded. But for the gallant conduct displayed by these officers and men Captain Bruce must have fallen into the hands of the enemy." General Manning has been created an Ordinary Member of the Military Division of the Third Class, or Companions, of the Bath.

THE LATE PHIL MAY. Phil May, whose death on Aug. 5 at the early age of thirty-nine robbed us of admittedly the most brilliant black-and-white artist of the day, was one of those men of genius who have triumphed alike over humble birth and lack of training. The son of an engineer, he was born at Leeds, and there received the rudiments of education. Like many of the

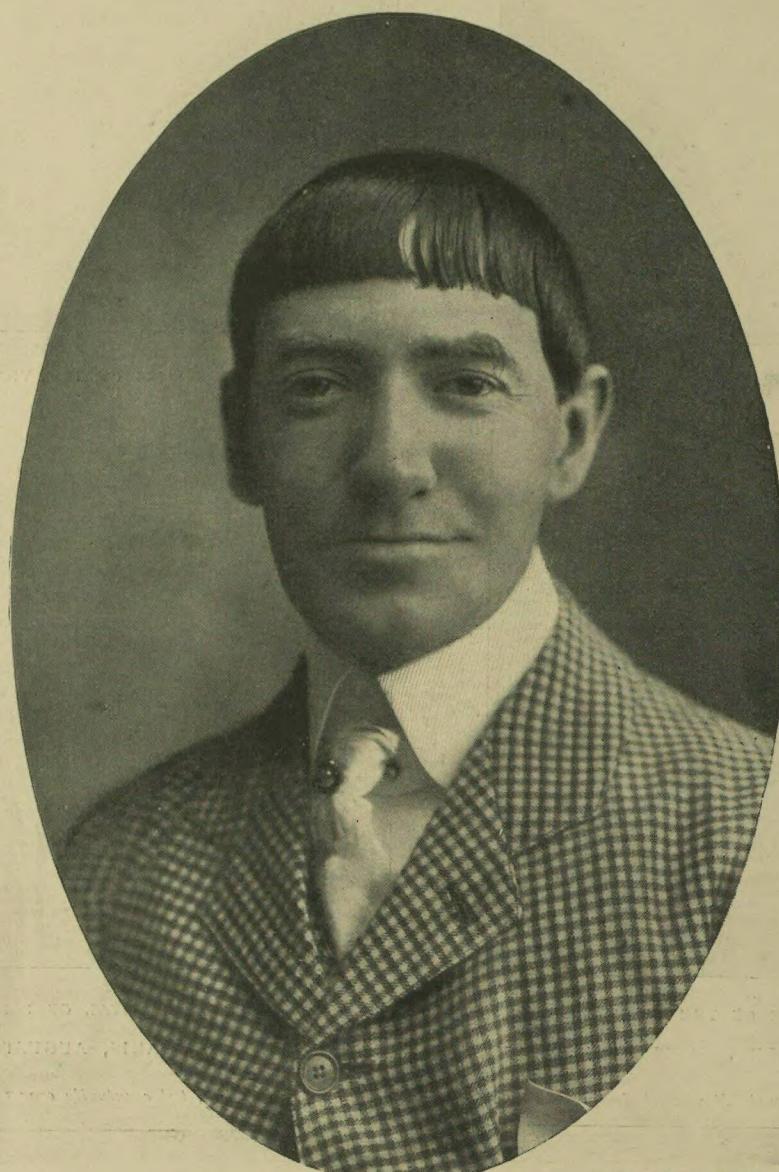


Photo. Foulsham and Banfield.

A GREAT BLACK-AND-WHITE ARTIST: THE LATE MR. PHIL MAY.

children he was afterwards to portray so skilfully, he began work when still a lad, and at the age of twelve he was employed at the Leeds Theatre, where for some years he picked up a precarious living by assisting the scene-painter, designing heads for the advertisement placards, and playing small parts. At the age of eighteen, a commission to design the dresses for a pantomime took him to London, and then began the inevitable struggle for recognition. His first cartoons were done for *Society*, then a sixpenny paper; and these were followed by a number of drawings in the *St. Stephen's Review*. Australia then claimed him, and for three years he was attached to the *Sydney Bulletin*. In 1890 he returned home, and before long the perfection of his "line" commended itself to both artists and public. The result was a lengthy series of characteristic drawings, which can only be compared to the work of John Leech or Charles Keene, and which caused the crowning of his career by his admission to the staff of *Punch*. Phil May knew "low life" as few artists have known it, and he excelled in depicting that phase of humour in which laughter so often borders upon tears.



NEW ISSUES OF POSTAGE STAMPS.

1. The ½d. King's Head Stamp for Gibraltar.
2. The 3d. Stamp for Malta.
3. A Provisional Seychelles Stamp.
4. A French Colonial Stamp.
5. The 1d. St. Kitts and Nevis, with Symbolical Illustration of a Medicinal Spring in Nevis.
6. The ½d. St. Kitts and Nevis, showing Christopher Columbus Sighting Land.
7. A New King's-Head Canadian Issue.
8. The Stamp for Aitutaki, over-printed with the Name of the Island and the Value of the Stamp in the Maori Dialect.

Nos. 1, 2, 5, 6 and 8 were supplied to us by Messrs. Whitfield King and Co., Ipswich; Nos. 3, 4 and 7 by Messrs. Bright and Son, Strand.

Prince George, the heir to the throne of Servia, has arrived in Belgrade, accompanied by his brother Alexander and his sister Hélène, and has been duly welcomed by the people. The Emperor of Russia, doubtless with a diplomat's eye to future contingencies, has been acting paternally to King Peter's children, and, thanks to their schooling in Russia, they are thoroughly imbued with the ideas likely to be most satisfactory to the Czar and his advisers. Their royal father does not favour the use of the Palace in which his immediate predecessors were assassinated, and the new Palace not having sufficient accommodation, a private house has been specially fitted up for their use. King Peter has conferred the highest Order in Servia, that of the Fifth Class of the White Eagle, upon his sons, upon his brother Prince Arsene Karageorgievitch, and upon his nephew Prince Paul. The Russian and Austrian Governments have both decided to send back all Servian officers studying in their countries, and Russia has, in addition, forbidden even unofficial intercourse between her officers and those giving allegiance to King Peter.

THE CHRISTENING OF THE INFANT PRINCE. The christening of the infant son of Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark took place privately in Sandringham Church on Aug. 11. The sponsors were the King, the Queen, and Princess Victoria (all of whom were present), the King of Denmark, the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark, and the Prince of Wales. The young Prince was baptised by the names Alexander Edward Christian Frederick.

AN INGENIOUS FIRE-ESCAPE AND WATER-TOWER.

There is now on view at the Earl's Court Exhibition a model of a unique combined elevator-escape and water-tower, which should prove of considerable value both in life-saving and in enabling a speedy attack upon the very heart of a fire. The apparatus, which is the invention of Mr. Jetley, is taken to the scene of action upon the motor-car which forms its base, and the same engine provides the pumping power. It is raised or lowered by the mechanical device known as multiplying telescopic screws. Rapidity of action is gained by "gearing up," and there appears to be no reasonable limit to the speed at which the platforms can be raised, or to the height that can be attained. The staircases from platform to platform automatically take the required position, and the balconies move forward to the burning house, covering its whole width. From these balconies the firemen can enter the building with hoses, which also rise automatically, locate the seat of the fire and prevent its spreading, while the occupants of the house can, by means of the staircases, reach the street in safety.

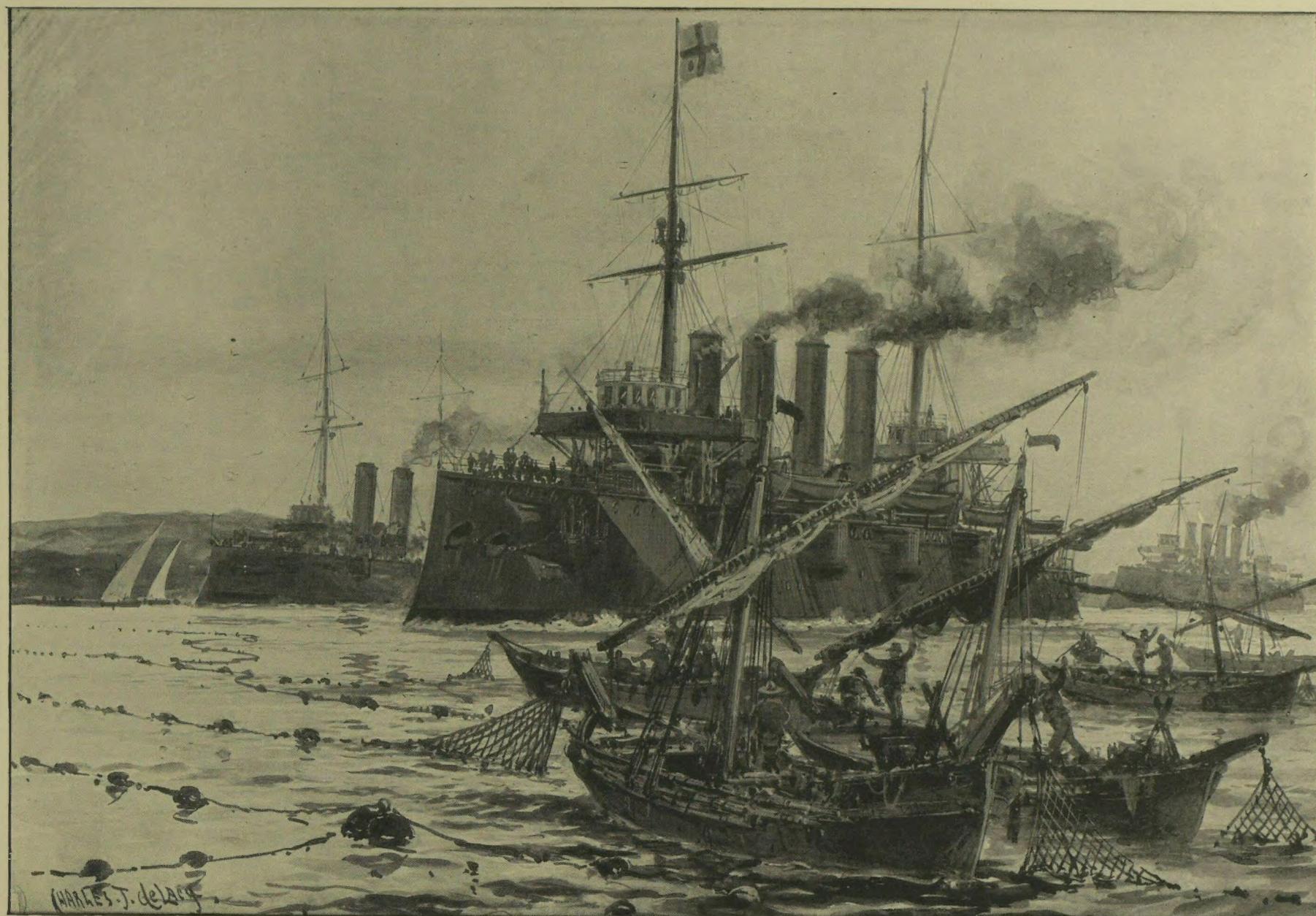
MACEDONIA.

The murder of the Russian Consul at Monastir is the second crime of this character in four months. At Mitrovitsa the Russian Consul was shot by an Albanian soldier. At Monastir the assassin was a Turkish sentinel. Both crimes illustrate the total lack of control by the Sultan's officials over their own troops. If Turkish soldiers cannot be prevented from shooting Russian Consuls, it is idle to expect them to abstain from excesses in the suppression of insurrection. On the other hand, as Mr. Balfour said in the House of Commons, the revolutionary bands in Macedonia are resorting to every means of provocation. Even if the Sultan's agents were capable of applying the reforms drafted by Austria and Russia, the peaceable Macedonians, if there are any, would not be allowed to accept them. The calculation of the insurgents is that Turkish repression will force Bulgaria into the field, and that Russia will have to intervene to save Bulgaria. This policy may succeed, and may even embroil Russia and Austria; but it cannot command any rational sympathy in this country, where the true character of the "Christian" nationalities is too well understood.

THE IRISH HONOURS. The highest recognition in the two Irish Honours Lists, issued in connection with the recent royal visit, goes to Sir John Colombe, D.L. and J.P. for County Kerry, and to Mr. Thomas Andrew, both of whom are to be sworn of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council in Ireland. Sir Henry Cochrane, Alderman of the City of Dublin; Mr. George Brooke, J.P. for the counties of Dublin and Wexford; Mr. Hugh H. Smiley; Sir Daniel Dixon, Lord Mayor of Belfast; Alderman Edward Fitzgerald, Lord Mayor of Cork; and Sir James Murphy, President of the Dublin Chamber of Commerce, are to be Baronets of the United Kingdom. The Earl of Dudley and the Marquess of Londonderry become Knights Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order. A number of knighthoods and lesser honours are also announced.

THE PREMIER SERVICE AT WORK: THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

DRAWINGS BY C. J. DE LACY FROM A SKETCH BY A NAVAL OFFICER; AND BY H. W. KOEKHOEK FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.



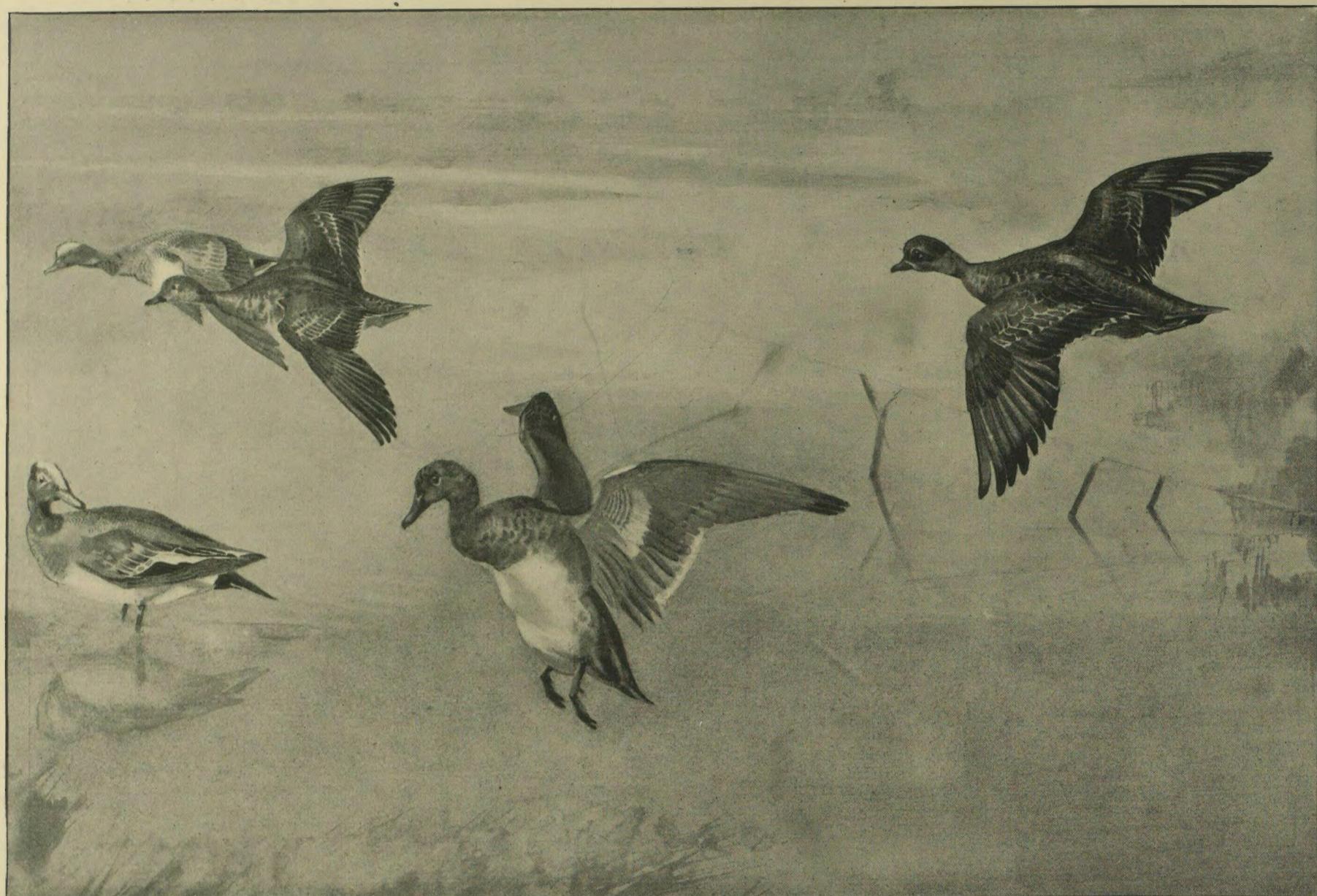
THE ARRIVAL OF THE CRUISERS OF "X" SQUADRON IN LAGOS BAY: AN UNUSUAL OBSTACLE.

The cruisers of "X" Squadron had to encounter an unusual obstacle when entering Lagos Bay. The sea for miles off the shore was obstructed with nets and fishing-stages, and it required some nice handling to bring the vessels to a safe anchorage. One touch of the screws might have meant the loss of hundreds of pounds, and also possible damage to the ships, as the nets are made of stout rope.



THE MEDITERRANEAN LONG-RANGE FIRING: ADMIRAL SIR COMPTON DOMVILLE PRESENTING THE "FISHER CUP" TO THE "RUSSELL."

The "Fisher Cup," awarded to the most successful competitor in the Mediterranean long-range prize-firing, was won by the "Russell," and was presented to her by the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Compton Domville. The "Aboukir" and the "London" were next in order of merit.



THE WILD-DUCK SHOOTING SEASON: AT FLIGHT TIME.

DRAWN BY FRANK SOUTHGATE.



THE LABOUR QUESTION IN SOUTH AFRICA: SWAZIS ON THEIR WAY TO THE JOHANNESBURG MINES.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART FROM SKETCHES BY HENRY LEA.

OUR CORRESPONDENT WRITES: "The present year has been a very disastrous one for the Swazis, inasmuch as, owing to the failure of the mealie harvest and to Texas fever among their cattle, more able-bodied men have been obliged to turn out to work than ever before. Swazis starting on their long walk to the Rand under present conditions take with them articles to barter by the way for food—rolls of native tobacco and wild hemp."

THE ELECTION OF PIUS X.: HOMAGE BY THE PRINCES OF THE CHURCH.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ROME.



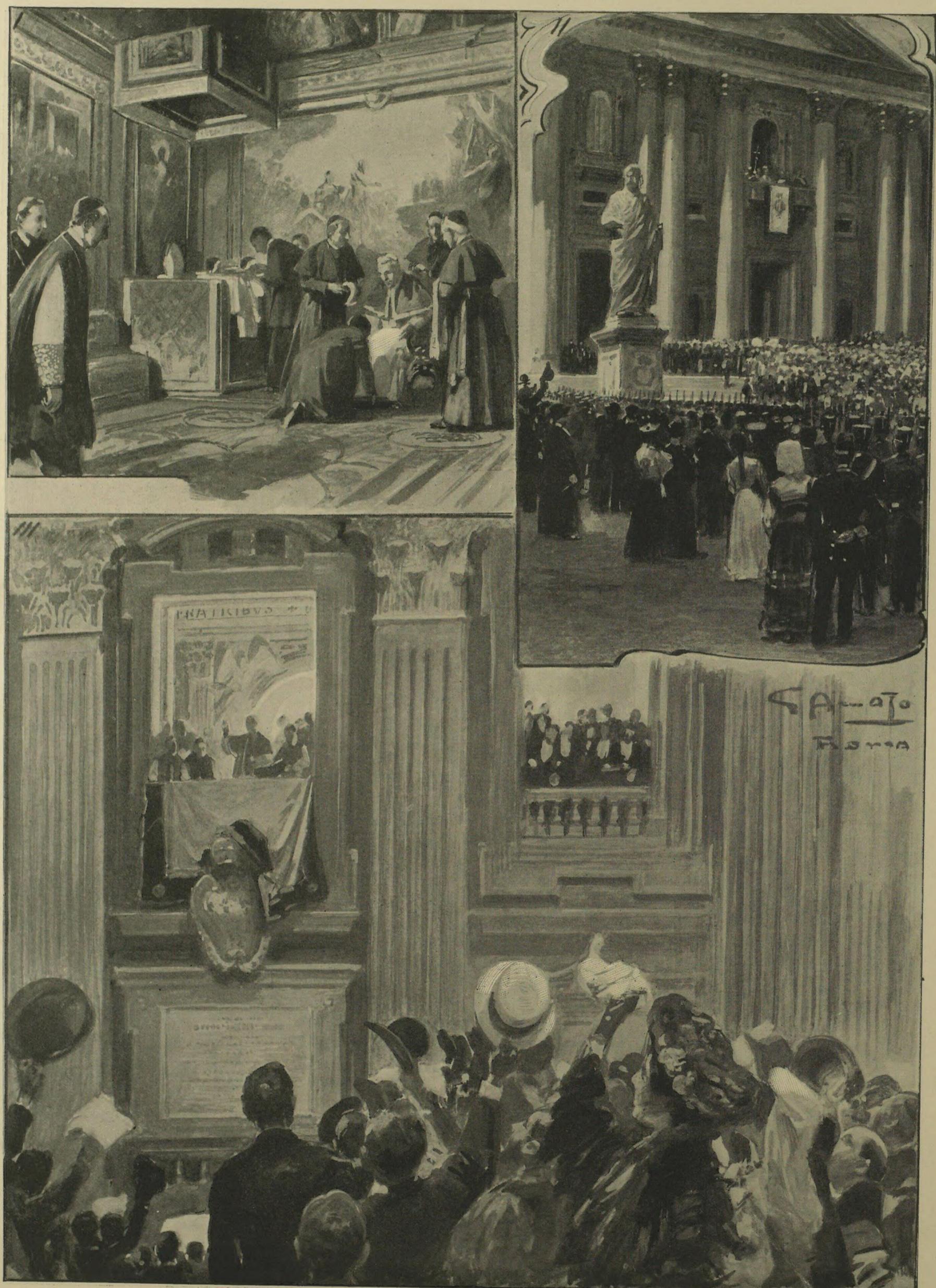
Prince Chigi.

THE NEW POPE RECEIVING THE FIRST "ADORATION" OF THE CARDINALS IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL, AUGUST 4.

Seated in the Sedia Gestatoria before the altar of the Sistine Chapel, the new Pontiff received the first "adoration" of the Cardinals after the ceremony of investment. Each Prince of the Church approached in turn, and, kneeling, kissed his Holiness's hands and feet, afterwards rising and kissing him on both cheeks, and receiving from him the accolade and the kiss of peace. Prince Chigi is the Hereditary Marshal of the Holy Roman Church, and was Guardian of the Conclave.

THE ELECTION OF PIUS X: SCENES AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE CONCLAVE

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ROME.



1. THE OUTWARD SIGNS OF PAPAL AUTHORITY: CONCLAVISTS INVESTING PIUS X. WITH THE PONTIFICAL ROBES IN THE VESTRY OF THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

2. THE PROCLAMATION OF THE NEW POPE: CARDINAL MACCHI ANNOUNCING THE ELECTION OF CARDINAL SARTO FROM THE BALCONY OF ST. PETER'S.

3. THE NEW POPE'S FIRST PUBLIC ACT: PIUS X. BLESSING THE PEOPLE FROM THE INTERIOR LOGGIA OF ST. PETER'S.

While Cardinal Macchi, the chief of the Order of Cardinal-Deacons, was announcing the election of the new Pope to the people, Pius X. was invested with the white robes which form the usual garb of the Pontiff, the white biretta, and the historic slippers. Three sets of Pontifical robes, each of a different size, had been prepared to meet any emergency. As Cardinal Macchi appeared on the balcony of St. Peter's, the Italian troops assembled in the Piazza presented arms and the people cheered heartily.



"She sees the signal, Mr. Hewitt! See, she is going about."

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

Every morning, after the first week since he had seen Lugard had elapsed, he began to keep a careful watch for the *Palmyra*. The American, he knew, would be quite five days in reaching Sydney via Newcastle, and then perhaps there might be unforeseen delays, of which he (Hewitt), a landsman, could know nothing. Nevertheless, from the seventh day, he always arose at dawn, crossed the swamp, and made his way to the bluff at the entrance of the creek, from whence he carefully scanned the sea in the hope of seeing the expected sail, which meant so much to himself and to his relations.

For the first two weeks he watched in vain, sometimes alone and sometimes accompanied by the boy Bolton, who usually brought him a supply of food—boiled corned beef, milk, and eggs—every second day; but nothing had met his eyes but the wide expanse of ocean, grey and dull at the dawn, and blue and sparkling in the sunshine when the hazy sea mists were blown away by the south-east breeze. And then, to his joy, on the dawn of the fifteenth day, a sail appeared to the southward.

As the sun dipped towards the spurs of the mountain—which Captain Cook had named Mount Sea View—Hewitt arose, and, leaning against the gnarled and knotted trunk of a stunted honeysuckle growing on the bluff, gazed longingly at the becalmed vessel. Little as was his knowledge of nautical matters, he could see that she was not only a square-rigged vessel but was of some size. Had she been broadside on, he could have decided whether she had two masts or three. The *Palmyra*, he knew, had two masts with yards on each—and there his means of identifying her for the present began and ended, although he had seen her on several previous occasions cruising along the coast.

"Blow, good wind, blow right hearty," he said, repeating an expression he had often heard the seamen of the convict transport which had brought him to Van Diemen's Land use when the ship was becalmed on the voyage out.

Just as he was about to turn away and leave the spot, he saw the emancipist Bolton riding along the beach towards him, so he waited.

"That's the ship you are waiting for, Mr. Hewitt," cried the man, as he rode up to the bluff and dismounted.

"Are you sure, Bolton?"

"Dead sure. I've just come from Camden Haven, and when I was spelling my horse a bit on the top of the Green Hills, I saw her right abreast of me, and knew her by the whale-boats hanging from her davits. It is a pity it is such a calm, as you can't make your signals to her. That old covey, Murchison" (the master of the Government cutter at Port Macquarie), "is as cute as a fox, and perhaps he has sighted the ship already from Signal Hill, or Nobby's. He's always up at the Pilot Station when he's not aboard the cutter, and Mr. Lugard told me that he heard that Murchison had sent a letter up to Sydney saying that this here brig was always hanging about the coast, and he thought she was worth watching."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter, Bolton. Murchison is a smart old fellow,

but from what Mr. Lugard said to me, Captain Carroll of the *Palmyra* is smarter still, and is not going to be caught. Mr. Lugard told me that it was not unlikely that Captain Carroll would sail his ship right up to the port and come ashore in his boat on the excuse of buying a bullock for his crew. As for making signals, I will do exactly as Mr. Lugard wishes. But at the same time, if Mr. Adair knows the ship is here and gets a chance to slip away, he may get here to-night."

Bolton nodded. "Just so. I shall keep a good look out for him. Me and my boy Ted will go to Tacking Point in an hour or so and camp there for the night, so if Mr. Adair does get away he'll be bound to see our fire—or rather two fires—and know who we are. And if he doesn't show up to-night I'll camp there until he does. No one will trouble us. Major Cartwright's overseer knows that some of my cattle stray about Tacking Point, and if by any chance a patrol routed us out they would not suspect anything was afoot. Now I had better be going."

"And I shall stay here for the night. I have my blanket, and shall be comfortable enough."

CHAPTER XIII.

In the dining-room of the Commandant's house at Waringa Dr. Haldane was stretched out on the sofa waiting for his host, who had promised to accompany him on a shooting excursion along the banks of the creek as soon as he had finished reading some letters that had just arrived from Sydney.

The morning was gloriously bright and warm, and the doctor every now and then looked impatiently out of the window to where Hawley, his servant, with a packhorse carrying their guns and provisions for the day, was awaiting him and Captain Lathom. At last, however, he heard his host's footstep, and in a few moments the Commandant entered the room.

"Ha, here you are at last, Fred!" cried the burly surgeon, springing to his feet. "Old Tim has just told me that the ducks—"

He stopped suddenly and looked at his friend in astonishment. Lathom's face was pale and full of trouble.

"You must let me off, George," he said quietly. "I have just received some news that necessitates my leaving Waringa as quickly as possible—to-morrow, in fact—and I do not know when I shall return."

He sat down and put his hand to his forehead; then he rose again and suddenly put out his hand to Haldane.

"Is it very serious, old man?" inquired the latter.

"Very, George. And you are an old and true friend; I must tell you. I can't believe it—this awful thing which has come upon me."

"Tell me, old man. What is it? Has anything happened to your niece?"

"I fear so, George," he said, trying to speak calmly. Then, by an effort, he pulled himself together. "Do you mind putting off your shooting for half-an-hour and walking down to the creek with me? I think I can tell you better when we are out in the open air."

Haldane stepped to the window and called to his servant.

"Take off the pack-saddle, Hawley. We are not going to-day. But you can take my gun and go yourself, and see what you can get. Stay as long as you like. I won't want you till this evening."

In a few minutes he and Lathom were walking down the path to the creek. As soon as they reached the fallen tree to which Helen had taken Lugard on the evening of his arrival at Waringa, they stopped and sat down, and Lathom took some letters from his pocket.

"This, George," he said, as he opened one, "is purely official. In it I am instructed to proceed at once to Port Macquarie and take charge. Poor Cartwright has died suddenly."

"That is, of course, promotion for you."

"Of course, and, much as I like Waringa, I cannot but feel pleased at being appointed to such an important post. There were half-a-dozen men in Sydney struggling for the place when Cartwright was appointed. With this brief notification there is a long private letter from the Governor, who, as you know, is a friend of mine of long standing. Here is what he says in reference to my appointment: 'You must go there direct, and go quickly. There is absolutely no one here whom I could trust sufficiently to fill such an important post, even temporarily. Once you are there, all the rest will be easy, as I shall get the Home people to confirm my appointment of you. But Collie, Feilding, Elphinstone, and two or three others have already been pestering me, and Collie has a lot of influence at home and knows how to use it; and Marsbin asked me point-blank to give the place to that little ruffian Feilding, and had the confounded impertinence to tell me that he (Marsbin) had himself written to the Home authorities on Feilding's behalf and that the people at home would not be pleased if I appointed anyone else, even temporarily. I told him that I considered it very unlikely that the post would be given to a civilian, and wound up by saying that I considered Feilding a most unsuitable man. So I had the best of the parson there; but, nevertheless, Marsbin can do almost anything he likes with the Home people. But you need have no fear. My recommendation of you is so strong that, much as they listen to Marsbin, they won't go against me in this matter. I am sending Turnbull, of the 77th, to relieve you. If Willet was not such a lazy beast I should have thought of him. But you *must* hurry up.'"

Folding the Governor's letter up again, Lathom placed it in his pocket.

"I need not tell you, George, how pleased I was when I read that—only an hour ago. Then I got a shock—a terrible shock, which has blasted my life!" And then for the first time his voice shook.

"Just after I had finished reading the Governor's letter, in came Sergeant Rush. 'What is it, Rush?' I asked. He looked awkward and confused, and wouldn't look me in the face, but handed me this"—and Lathom showed Haldane another letter—"and said it had been picked up on the road yesterday. The envelope, as you see, is not only so soiled with mud and rain as to render the address undecipherable, but is in pieces.

"I think, Sir," he mumbled, "it is Miss Lathom's letter. Just before you came back from Newcastle last time she gave a letter to young Sam Tucker to post in Newcastle, and the boy told his father that he'd lost it, and his father told me."

"I see, Rush. And how did you get it?" I asked.

"One of Trenfield's little girls found it, Sir. She was taking it home to give to her mother. A most inquisitive person, Sir, that Mrs. Trenfield. So I made the child give the letter to me, Sir, feeling certain that it was the one Miss Lathom gave to young Tucker."

"Thank you, Rush," I said. "You did quite right." Then I sent him away. As soon as he had left the room I again tried to make out the almost obliterated address, but failed, and then, thinking it might be a letter of some importance to one of my niece's friends in Sydney, whom I was sure to know and to whom I could forward it, I looked at the letter itself."

He paused, and then said slowly and painfully, "It was from my niece to Lieutenant Wray."

The big doctor cursed Miss Ida Lathom under his breath; then he placed his hand on his friend's arm.

"You are certain, Fred?"

"Only too certain, George. I read the letter through to the end. I thought that Ida had forgotten the fellow, and that when she promised me not to have anything more to do with him that her promise was sacred. George, old man, this child of my dead sister Olive is dearer to me than life. She and I are all that are left of the family; and God knows I have tried to care for and protect her, and make her life as bright as I could make it in such a country as this."

"I know it, Fred."

"And yet, perhaps, I may have been too severe and sour, and not been sufficiently careful for her since we came to the colony. I may have been too much wrapped up in my work, perhaps—God knows what faults may lie to me; but whatever those faults may be, they were faults of a man who clings to and loves very tenderly the last of his people. And—this is what cuts me to the heart, George—she once told me on her bended knees that she would never again have anything to do with Wray, who, as you know, is a gambler and—"

"I know, Fred. He is not a man of whom I should be proud as a son-in-law if I had a daughter—which, thank heavens, I have not. But what will you do? Go to Sydney?"

"No, George. That I cannot do in view of this urgent letter from the Governor. But you will help me?"

"To the last, Fred."

"Then you must go to Sydney for me; see her, tell her that I know everything, and rescue her from that roué."

"Your niece does not like me, Fred," said Haldane bluntly, "but I shall do all you wish."

"I did not know that she disliked you, George. But nothing can surprise me now."

Haldane made no answer. His heart was overflowing with sympathy for his old friend, but he was a man of few words.

"When shall I start, Fred?"

"To-morrow, George, if you will. And I, too, shall leave for my new post. As for Wray, I leave myself in your hands. I'll come to Sydney as soon as ever the Governor will grant me leave. Now let us go along the creek for a little walk. My nerves want steady a bit. And I don't want to keep to myself too much, George. I don't want to think."

Then, ere they left the old dead tree, Lathom lit a match, and putting Ida's letter to Wray on the ground, set it alight, and saw it burn to ashes.

CHAPTER XIV.

Just as the dawn broke, Vincent Hewitt was awakened by the sound of approaching horsemen, and, springing to his feet, a cry of delight burst from him when he saw riding beside the emancipist Bolton an old man whose face was lit with joy.

"Vincent, my boy! my dear, dear boy! Thank God for this!" he cried, as he dismounted from his horse and threw his arms around his nephew.

The tears fell from the young Irishman's eyes as he pressed the old man to his bosom.

"Thank God indeed, Uncle Adair! But there, you are, I can see, nearly worn out, so I shall not let you talk until you are rested. Sit down there on my blanket awhile. I must see where the ship is, and if it will be safe to make my signals. All going well we may be safely on board in two or three hours."

Then, calling to Bolton to come with him, he ran to the edge of the bluff and looked seaward. A gentle breeze was now blowing from the south-east, and the sea-haze of the early dawn was fast vanishing before it and under the blaze of the red morning sun, which had just lifted above the horizon.

"There she is, Sir!" cried Bolton, pointing to the northward; "the current has carried her nearly abreast of Tacking Point."

"Is she coming this way?" asked Hewitt anxiously.

"No; she is standing off the land, Sir; but as soon as she sees our signals you may be sure she will tack. She is about four or five miles away as far as I can judge, and will easily see the smoke."

The signals had already been prepared—three small heaps of well-dried brushwood covered with some green leaves, the latter being intended to ensure a rather thick smoke. The heaps were a hundred yards or so apart, and had been so arranged by Bolton that the fires could be quickly extinguished when necessary; and even if the three columns of smoke were seen by anyone else besides the people on board the *Palmyra*, Bolton assured Hewitt that it was very unlikely any suspicion would be aroused.

"You see, Sir, there are a great many blacks on the coast, and old Murchison, cute as he is, and suspicious as he may be of the *Palmyra* hanging about the coast so long, won't connect our signals with her. He'll think they are only the usual black-fellows' fires, that can be seen anywhere along the coast early in the morning; and besides that, although Mr. Adair's escape was no doubt known last night, they won't look for him this way. He's put them off on a false scent, as he'll tell you presently. So let us light up, Sir, as quickly as possible. Never fear but that they are keeping a bright look-out on board, as Mr. Lugard told us they would."

"Very well, Bolton. You light the farthest heap, and I'll attend to the other two."

In a few minutes three small columns of thick smoke were ascending from the bluff, and Hewitt and Bolton, standing on the edge of it, anxiously watched the effect. The brig at this time was standing off, close hauled under the usual canvas set by whale-ships when cruising for whales in fine weather—fore and main-top sails, top-gallant sails, staysails, and jibs. The sea was as smooth as a lake, and as the sun rose higher it quickly changed from purple-grey to deepest, brightest blue. From where the two men stood they could easily discern the starboard bow and quarter boats hanging from the davits, and saw that, although the wind was so light, the vessel was slipping through the water at a very fair pace.

"Mr. Lugard told me that the captain says she is a very speedy ship," began Hewitt—when Bolton gave a loud "Hurrah!" and threw his hat in the air.

"She sees the signal, Mr. Hewitt! See, she is going about! Out with the fires!"

Running back to the fires they extinguished them as quickly as possible, and, when, after ten minutes of hard work, they looked seaward again, they saw the brig was standing in, and more sail was being made.

"That means that Captain Carroll is sending a boat ashore at once, doesn't it?" asked Bolton.

"Wait a moment and we'll see," replied Hewitt, taking Lugard's written instruction from his coat-pocket. "We must not make any mistake. Ha! here it is, marked 'No. 7.'" And he read—

"If Captain Carroll sees the three smokes during daylight he will understand that Mr. Adair has escaped and is with you. In that case, if the weather allows, and he thinks it advisable not to wait till night-time before sending a boat ashore, he will notify you of his intention by lowering a boat and towing it astern for some little time before sending it ashore. If, however, he decides not to send a boat ashore during daylight, no boat will be lowered; but, weather allowing, he will stand in close to the mouth of the creek as soon as it becomes dark. In that case he will look to you to light a small fire on the north side of the entrance."

"That is clear enough, Bolton, isn't it? Now we must wait and see what follows."

"No need to wait," said Bolton, who was shading his eyes from the bright sunshine with his hand; "I can see a boat being lowered now. Look near the stern, Sir."

The brig came to the wind for a minute or two, and Hewitt saw the boat lowered; then she was veered astern, and the brig's sails again filled.

"She will be abreast of the mouth of the creek in another hour, Sir," said the emancipist, as he sat down

and began to fill his pipe. "You had better go and tell Mr. Adair to be ready, Sir. It will take him half an hour to walk across that long stretch of sand, and he is not strong. I'll wait here, and the moment I see the boat leave I'll give you a call."

But when he reached his camping-place Hewitt found the old man so sound asleep that he did not then disturb him. Bolton's son had carefully covered his face with a soiled pocket-handkerchief, for which Hewitt gave him a smile of approval.

"Good boy, Ted," he said in a whisper, "don't disturb him yet. I'm going away for a few minutes; if he awakens take him to your father and say I'll be with them in less than a quarter of an hour."

"Right, Sir."

Hewitt dived into the scrub till he came to a cattle-track, which he followed for about three hundred yards. Then he came to a clump of pandanus-trees, one of which was decaying, and had a large hole in the trunk about a foot from the ground. Inserting his hand, he drew out a small canvas bag. It contained two hundred and fifty pounds—all that was left of the eight hundred he had formerly possessed—two hundred of which he had taken from the Commissary and seven hundred from the Government schooner—the remaining six hundred he had given to Lugard at their last meeting in Bolton's house. Returning as quickly as possible to the camp, he met the emancipist coming towards him at a run.

"Hurry up, Mr. Hewitt; the boat is half-way ashore!"

"Just one moment, Bolton," said the young man, taking his hand; "you have been a good friend to me, and I know that whatever you have done for me was done with a rightdown good will—with a heart and a half, as we say in Ireland. Now I told you I had some coin planted—"

The bushman waved his disengaged hand impatiently. "Let be, Sir; let be. I ain't agoin' to take any money from you."

"Indeed you are, Bolton; man, you must! For the sake of the old woman and kids. D'y'e think I'd insult you by asking you to take payment for what you've done for me? No, indeed. No, indeed. 'Tis but a present for the old woman, I say; and when you go back tell her that I shall never forget her kindness. And say good-bye to all of the youngsters, and tell them how sorry I am I could not come and see them once more."

Then he took fifty pounds from the bag, and disregarding the man's sincere protests, opened his shirt and dropped them inside.

"Now not another word from you, Jack Bolton. Come, let us call my uncle. You must bid us good-bye here. It would not be wise for you to come with us to the boat. It may be that someone might be about and see you—and you know what that means."

"Ten years' hard on Cockatoo Island," replied Bolton, with a grim smile, as he strode along beside the young man.

A quarter of an hour later the emancipist and his son, standing on the verge of the bluff, saw the two men walking over the long stretch of white sand towards the boat, which was pulling in quickly to the beach. She was manned by five men, and the moment she grounded the officer in charge jumped out and met John Adair and his nephew with outstretched hand. Five minutes later the boat had pushed off again, and was making for the brig.

The breeze was freshening, and presently the vessel went about and came in towards the boat, which, as soon as it came alongside and the escapees ascended to the deck, was again hoisted up, and the *Palmyra*, with her white cotton canvas shining brightly in the morning sun, stood off to the eastward.

"Welcome on board the *Palmyra*, gentlemen," said a big stout man, dressed more like a farmer than a sailor, as Hewitt and his uncle stepped on board; "I thought this thing was never coming off. Now come below and get a rightdown good meal and a change of togs, and then we'll say 'blow ho' for Sydney and the young lady and Captain Jim Lugard."

CHAPTER XV.

Cumberland Street, on the west side of Sydney Cove—now called the Circular Quay—was, in the old colonial days, the fashionable street of Sydney, and, where it overlooked Lower George Street, were a number of very handsomely built and substantial stone mansions, occupied principally by civil and military officials and their families, with a sprinkling of commercial magnates. (At the present time these buildings are ghastly, forlorn eyesores, and the once aristocratic Cumberland Street has become perhaps the most squalid thoroughfare in all Sydney, and the former homes of the military and civilian officials, with their once beautiful gardens and lawns, are now third-rate lodging-houses, with broken windows covered with sheets of rusty tin, bagging, or such other material, or with glassless sashes stuffed with decayed clothing to keep out the wind and rain and discourage bailiffs.)

At a window of one of the most imposing of these houses Helen was sitting with a book in her lap. The day was very bright and warm, and the calm waters of the beautiful harbour lay beneath her, sparkling in the sunshine, its bosom flecked with the white sails of a number of small boats passing to and fro to the various inlets and bays, while farther down towards the heads a noble frigate, under every stitch of sail, was creeping slowly up to her anchorage in Farm Cove.

The house itself was very quiet, for, with the exception of one of two servants, Helen had been alone since early in the afternoon; Mrs. Grainger, accompanied by her daughters and Ida Lathom, having gone out driving, although the latter would have infinitely preferred to remain at home.

"I must go, Helen," she had said, "although I really do not feel well."

"You certainly have not been well for the past week, Miss," said Helen sympathetically; "the weather is

very trying, too. I think it would be better if you remained in and rested."

Ida laughed nervously.

"Rested! I wish I could rest, but I cannot. I must be doing something, and I may as well be driving with Mrs. Grainger as sitting at home and meeting people who talk me to death. I wish—Helen!"

"Yes, Miss?"

"I wish—oh I wish—I had never left Waringa, much as I loathed the place."

The words escaped her on the impulse of the moment, but they were uttered with vehemence, and her eyes filled with such sudden tears that Helen placed her hand gently on her mistress's arm.

"Do not go out, Miss. You really are not well enough. Let me get you some tea, and I will tell Mrs. Grainger that you are going to lie down for a few hours."

"No, don't. I said I would go, and I would rather go than stay at home. But you are a good girl, Helen, to be so concerned over me. Sometimes I have been very unkind to you."

"Never intentionally, Miss Ida," was the gentle reply. "Now, at least let me get the tea."

"No, no tea; bring me a glass of wine, and then I must hurry downstairs, as they are awaiting me."

In a few minutes she had gone, and Helen again took up her book, wondering what it was that was making her beautiful and petulant mistress so restless and unhappy of late. On several occasions when she had entered Miss Lathom's room she had found her in tears; at other times she would be wildly and apparently happily excited, overflowing with gaiety and youthful spirits; then on the following day it would be more than likely she would be either despondent or irritable. During this time—in fact, almost from the day they had arrived in Sydney—her demeanour to Helen had changed greatly for the better, and this had been an added factor to the Irish girl's secret happiness; and her warm, responsive nature made her quickly forget many long months of almost daily humiliation, which, but for Captain Lathom's unfailing kindness and consideration for her position, would have been all but unbearable.

"How can she be thoughtless and indifferent to such a man?" Helen had often said to herself. "If I were his child or his friend, and he loved me as he does her, I should be one of the happiest women on earth."

The afternoon wore on, and as the westerly sun cast long shadows across the smooth waters of the cove the clear notes of a bugle, sounded from the battery on Dawes Point, rang clearly through the air, and Helen knew it was six o'clock, and that if she intended to have her usual evening walk before Ida Lathom returned, she would have to start at once.

Putting on her sun-hood she went downstairs, and then out across the lawn into the silent, hot street, which led down towards the verdant slopes of Dawes Point.

As she walked along the side of the low stone wall which divided the street from the military reserve, a well-dressed, dark-faced, and good-looking man, who was leaning over the wall a few hundred yards away, stood erect and, when she was near enough, raised his hat.

"I am Patrick Montgomery, Miss Adair. I come from Captain Lugard."

"To see me?" asked Helen eagerly.

"Yes, Miss. Captain Lugard had no time to write a note, having only arrived in Sydney this morning from Newcastle. Your father and Mr. Hewitt have both safely escaped, and are now on board the *Palmyra*."

"Thank God!" exclaimed the girl as she walked quietly beside the man, so as not to attract too much attention from inquisitive passers-by. "When did Captain Lugard hear this?"

"Only an hour or two ago. He got word from a sure source that both Mr. Adair and Mr. Hewitt succeeded in getting safely on board at the same time. Then he came and told me to try and see you, and said that I should most likely find you somewhere on the Point between six and seven o'clock, and tell you the news. If I could not meet you I was to let him know at once at the 'Currency Lass Inn,' and he would have a note sent to you. But he would prefer to see you this evening. It is most important."

"I shall not fail him. Where does he wish me to meet him?"

"At the signal-keeper's quarters on Fort Phillip,

Returning to the house as quickly as she could walk without attracting too much attention by displaying overhaste, she sat down to rest awhile, and removed her hood, so that the soft night air might cool her flushed but happy face.

Soon after seven she heard the sound of voices and laughter ascending from the hall, and knew that Ida Lathom had returned, and presently she met her mistress on the stairs.

"Not out yet, Helen?" she said pleasantly.

"I have been out, Miss Ida, for a few minutes, but will be very glad if you will allow me to go out again till half-past eight."

"Of course you may, Helen," was the gracious reply. "I am going for a row on the harbour for an hour or two, and so you need not hurry back. You are not ever asked for your pass, are you?"

"Never, Miss," replied Helen, with a faint smile; "but I have never been out after eight o'clock except when with you."

"Well, run away, child." And Ida Lathom waved her hand lightly to the girl and went into her own room to change her riding-dress. She was in high spirits, for she had found awaiting her a messenger with a note from Wray, begging her to meet him at eight o'clock—

The Rutlands and Feildings are making up a party of eight or ten to pull round the warships in Farm Cove, and I promised to try and get you and the two Misses Grainger to come. Do say "Yes." I do so want you to come. I will bring you home.

With her heart beating with joyful expectancy Helen left the house in ample time to keep her appointment with Lugard. Crossing the street she soon gained a narrow rocky path which led almost directly to what was called in those days Fort Phillip—a substantial stone edifice named after the first Governor of the colony. At the main gate she was unchallenged by the sentry—much to her relief—and the man civilly pointed out to her the signalman's quarters, to which access was gained by a small postern door in the wall. At the postern gate, which was open, a woman was sitting. She rose as Helen approached and bade her enter.

"Walk straight in, if you please, lady," she said with an unmistakable Irish brogue, "an' I'll close the gate. The Captain came but ten minutes before ye."

The door of the little house opened, and Lugard, looking, ever, stepped out to her with outstretched hand.

"Come inside, Miss Adair. We shall not be disturbed," he said, as she put her little white cotton-gloved hand in his—so brown, smooth, and sinewy. "Mrs. Mullane will keep good guard, and Mullane as well. Now sit down. But first take off your hood; the room is none too airy, and it would not be wise for us to stay outside and talk—one of the sentries might notice two strangers, and wonder who were Mullane's visitors."

"Thank you." And removing her hood, Helen sat down on one of the two chairs in the room. "But before you tell me anything, Mr. Lugard, let me tell you how very, very grateful—"

"Please do not thank me, Miss Adair. But even if it were not my duty, it would be my pleasure to serve you—anywhere, in any way."

His eyes looked so earnestly into hers that Helen's dropped, for she read in them ardent admiration.

"You are very good to me," she said softly.

"Now I will tell you in detail what Montgomery has told you in brief," resumed Lugard.

(To be continued.)



"Walk straight in, if you please, lady."

at a quarter to eight o'clock. The signal-keeper can be trusted, and his wife will meet you at the small gate. Captain Lugard says he will not keep you more than half an hour, and you can walk there in five minutes from Mrs. Grainger's house by crossing the hill here."

"I know the way. Tell Captain Lugard that he may depend on me. Is he quite well?"

"Very well indeed, Miss Adair. And he is greatly pleased that all has gone well so far, but he is anxious to get further news of the whereabouts of the *Palmyra*. He fears she has been becalmed. Now I must say good evening, Miss. Some of the warders who are off duty may see me talking to you, and prove inquisitive."

"Good evening," said Helen, smiling into the man's face as she held out her hand to him. "I will hurry back home at once, as I must tell Miss Lathom that I wish to go out for a little. She is out driving, but will be back in less than half an hour."

"She may prevent you, Miss," said Montgomery anxiously.

"No; I have no fear of that."

LONDON BY THE SEA: A SUMMER HOLIDAY SCENE.

DRAWN BY H. L. BACON.



CHILDREN PADDLING AT FULHAM PARK.

With a laudable desire to increase the happiness of the poor children of its district, the Fulham Council, unable to take the children to the sea, has, in a manner, brought the sea to the children. An artificial "seaside" has been constructed in an extension of the Park, with sand from Ramsgate and water from the local company's mains, and quite an embarrassing number of children have taken advantage of it. It is intended solely for youngsters, and the Council will shortly issue an order restricting its use to them.

THE PREMIER SERVICE AT WORK: THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON BOARD H.M.S. "SPARTiate."



1. PREPARING FOR SEA AT GIBRALTAR.

2. PASSING THROUGH THE STRAITS.

3. TAKING STATIONS FOR ANCHORING.

OUR ARTIST WRITES: "Manoeuvring for anchoring was very fine, ships passing each other to take stations, some at full speed. In my sketch of the ships preparing for sea, the Rock is partially hidden by a dense cloud caused by a Levante."

THE PREMIER SERVICE AT WORK: THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON BOARD H.M.S. "SPARTIATE."

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY AT SEA: ATTEMPTING TO "PICK UP" GIBRALTAR
AT A DISTANCE OF FIFTY MILES.A SOURCE OF MUCH ARGUMENT: ENGINEERS DISCUSSING
THE CONDEMNED BELLEVILLE BOILERS.

Wireless telegraphy and the condemned Belleville boilers are, perhaps, the most fully discussed features of the manœuvres. If it be accurate that the "Spartiate," fitted with the despised boilers, burned less coal during the first thousand miles or so of her voyage than any of the other five first-class ships in the same squadron, the last word about the Belleville has evidently not been said.



FRIENDLY RIVALS: H.M.S. "SPARTIATE" PASSING THE FRENCH CHANNEL SQUADRON ON HER WAY TO GIBRALTAR.

The Cruiser Squadron, which includes the "King Alfred," "Diadem," "Impériale," "Spartiate," "Iphigenia," "Scylla," "Blake," and "Spartan," passed the French Channel Squadron on the afternoon of its departure from home waters. Courtesies were exchanged by means of flag signals.



THE KING'S YOUNGEST GRANDSON AND HIS PARENTS, PRINCE AND PRINCESS CHARLES OF DENMARK.

The infant Prince was born on July 2, and was christened at Sandringham on August 11, the King and Queen acting as sponsors. Princess Maud, the youngest daughter of the King and Queen, was born at Marlborough House on November 26, 1869, and was married to Prince Charles of Denmark, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., Honorary Lieutenant in his Majesty's Fleet, on July 22, 1896.

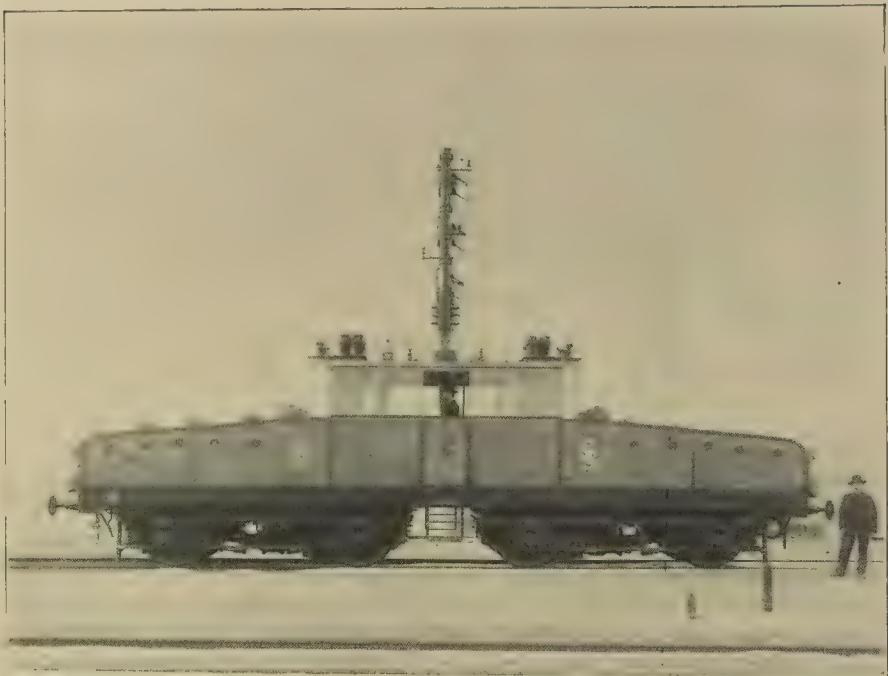


"MORE WHITE THAN WHITEST LILIES FAR."

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. W. GODWARD.



THE SIEMENS-HALSKA CAR.



THE TYPE OF ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE TO BE USED IN THE FORTHCOMING TESTS.

THE INTEREST OF THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT IN ELECTRIC RAILWAY TRACTION: THE SPEED TESTS ON THE BERLIN-ZOSSEN LINE.

The German Reichstag has voted £11,400 for a new track to be laid upon the Berlin-Zossen line, for immediate experiments with electric trains. This is the outcome of recent experiments, during which the train shown in our photographs attained, for a brief period, a speed of nearly a hundred miles an hour.



Photo. Cribb.
THE KING STEERING ONE OF THE GIGS OF HIS YACHT.



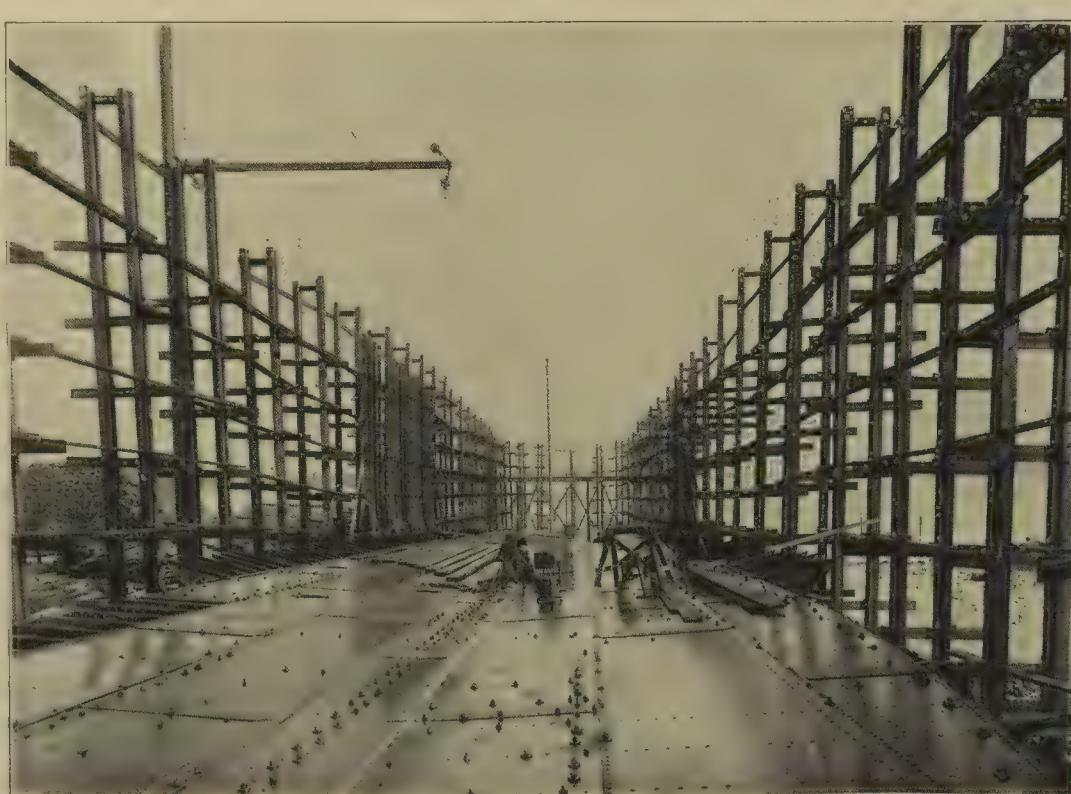
MISS DOROTHY LEVITT STEERING THE WINNER OF THE MOTOR-BOAT HANDICAP.

REGATTA WEEK AT COWES.

Miss Dorothy Levitt, who steered the "Napier" to victory in the Motor-Boat Handicap, was complimented by the King, and put the boat through her paces before him. Miss Levitt was also successful in the race for the Hirmsworth Cup at Cork.



THE "THOMAS A. LAWSON" UNDER FULL SAIL.



THE "THOMAS A. LAWSON" DURING CONSTRUCTION.

A MONSTER SAILING-SHIP: THE "THOMAS A. LAWSON," THE ONLY SEVEN-MASTED SCHOONER AFLOAT.

The American-built schooner, "Thomas A. Lawson," launched a few weeks ago, is not only the largest sailing-vessel ever built, but is the only seven-masted craft in the world. She is built throughout of steel, and has a cellular double bottom and three steel-plated decks. She is 395 feet long by 50 feet beam.

COWES DURING REGATTA WEEK.

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.



SKETCHES OF THE SOCIAL SIDE OF YACHTING.

The King and Queen arrived at Cowes from Cork on the afternoon of August 2, and by their presence lent additional interest to the always fashionable function. The chief event of the week, the handicap match for the King's Cup, yielded a moderately exciting contest, and was won by the German Emperor's schooner-rigged "Meteor." The Royal Yacht Squadron at once sent a congratulatory message to his Imperial Majesty, and in the evening the King, dining with the members of the Squadron, submitted the toast of the German Emperor, and spoke in congratulatory terms of the "Meteor's" victory.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

AN ELEPHANT OF THE PAST.

Years ago the world of science was deeply interested by the announcement that the carcase of a big extinct elephant had been discovered frozen in an iceberg at the mouth of the River Lena, in Siberia. The elephant in question was the mammoth. This animal has always figured very prominently not merely in the history of fossil life, but in that of early man himself.

The discovery of the mammoth carcase naturally gave fresh zest to investigations into the history of the elephant race in the past. The Lena specimen was very perfectly preserved. The skin was present, covered with the coarse, shaggy, reddish hair proper to the species. The eyes were also left so uninjured by the long spell of icebound existence that sections of them were made. The internal structure was also in a fair state of preservation, while the skeleton was naturally least affected of all the parts. This skeleton was duly conveyed to the St. Petersburg Museum, where it can be seen to-day. That which is interesting to us in relation to the above facts is the announcement that a second specimen has just been added to the museum in Russia. A full account of this second find has been published, and constitutes a noteworthy addition to our knowledge of this great beast of the prime.

It appears that the carcase of the second specimen was laid bare as the result of a landslip. The locale was the bank of the Beresowka River, which is described as a tributary of the Kolyma in the Irkutsk district. The body was partly preserved in ice, whilst some of its investment is described as having consisted of frozen gravel and sand. From out of this mass the head of the mammoth protruded, with the result that it offered a meal to foxes and other animals. The peasantry succeeded in their turn in securing one of the tusks. On intelligence being conveyed to St. Petersburg of this find, an expedition was instituted by the Imperial Academy of Sciences with the view of unearthing the body of the mammoth and of securing it for the museum. At the head of the expedition was Dr. Otto Hertz, and it must have been with feelings of intense satisfaction that he was able to congratulate himself on the successful termination of his arduous labours.

The examination of the carcase as the work proceeded was full of interesting features. To begin with, the fore-limbs were found to be widely extended and to exhibit what may be called a sprawling attitude. Later on it was discovered that the hind limbs were bent below the body. This attitude would seem to indicate that the mammoth had slipped forward as if it had slid into a pit or cavity, meeting its fate therein. The ice around is described as having been snow-ice, so that the idea is feasible enough that the creature practically fell into a glacier-cavity as into a natural trap. Very interesting is it to read of an incident in connection with the death of the elephant, revealed by the anatomical examination. Its mouth contained grass, a fact showing that death overtook it suddenly during its feeding-time. Again, the interior of its chest was found to be filled with a huge blood clot, the result of the rupture of the heart or of some of its adjacent vessels. It was thus clearly a violent death which ended the mammoth's span of existence, and the rupture was no doubt the result of the shock experienced by the fall into the crevasse.

As set up in the St. Petersburg Museum, the mammoth is seen to be a young male, and therefore presumably of smaller size than the specimen formerly acquired. The head parts have been restored in as far as the skin destroyed by animals is concerned, and the root of the trunk has also been artificially modelled. The animal's own skin was used in the reproduction of the features of the mammoth, while as much of its internal anatomy as could be preserved has been duly placed on the museum shelves. The tail is described as long, and as being provided with a well-developed tuft at its tip. It may be proper to state that several other mammoth finds have been chronicled; but in none have the animals been so perfectly preserved as in the case of the present specimen and in the Lena one, whose discovery, I suppose, must date back a century or so.

As every schoolboy knows, there remain to us only two species of elephants. The characters of these two animals can be easily studied at the "Zoo." The Indian species, with its small ears and the tusks present in the males only, and the African form, with its big flapping ears and tusks in both sexes, are familiar enough. But this limited family circle of to-day has a past which is extremely interesting when, from the geologist's list of dead-and-gone forms, we are made acquainted with the variations and differences exhibited by the race. We see how certain of the elephants of the past were modified for a life in a climate far more rigorous in character than that under which their modern representatives are found. The mammoth, with its rough woolly or hairy covering, fitting it for a life amid snow and ice, parallels the case of the woolly rhinoceros of old.

Then as regards size, we find all degrees and grades illustrated among the elephants of the past in this respect. In the large extinct mammoths and mastodons onwards to the big African of to-day, we have giants of the race; but in Malta and elsewhere the remains of pygmy elephants have been discovered, leading us to the opposite side of their physique. The extinction of all the elephants save our two species no doubt represented a matter of geological or cosmical catastrophe. There must have been a slow process of decline and extermination going on whereby sundry species were blotted out; but we may not be far amiss if we conclude that after the Ice Age there were few elephants surviving in the North, and possibly one of these few is represented in the latest addition to the St. Petersburg Museum. ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.
P MASCHKE (Crowthorne).—“Chess Problems,” by J. Rayner, price one shilling. Apply to the publisher, Swan Sonnenschein and Co., Paternoster Square.

FIDELITAS.—Your problem has not been overlooked. It shall appear in the course of a week or two.

SORRENTO.—If Black play 1. K to Q 5th, where is the mate next move? We quite agree with you in your praise of Max Feigl's problem.

G C B.—P to K 4th is the defense.

H W B (Maryborough).—It is so; but Black should play the proper defence.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3082 received from Henry Percival (Newcastle, New South Wales); of No. 3089 from Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), Josef Choutka (Prague), and Charles Field (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3090 from A G (Pancsova) and Eugene Henry; of No. 3091 from G T Hughes (Dublin), A G (Pancsova), Charles H Allen, A J Allen (Hampstead), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), Charles E Robson (Saffron Walden) and P Maschke (Crowthorne).

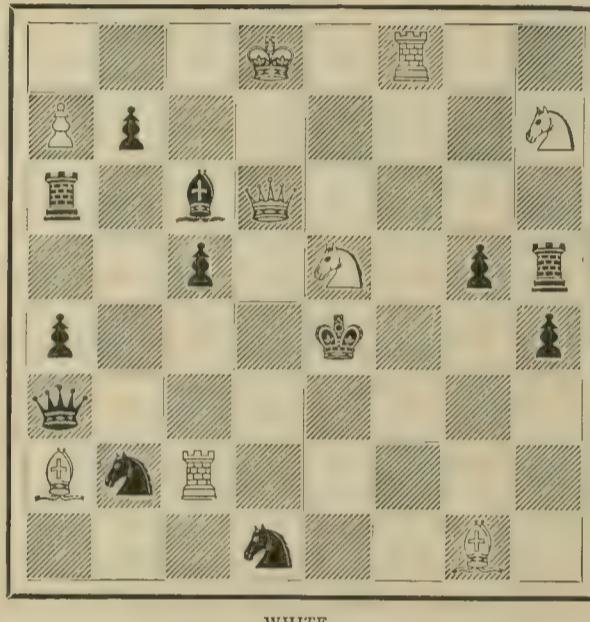
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3092 received from J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), F. J. S. (Hampstead), Zeus, F. Henderson (Leeds), T. Roberts, Eugene Henry (Lewisham), C. E. Perugini, Reginald Gordon, Sorrento, R. H. Watson (Westgate-on-Sea), Charles Burnett, Mrs. Wilson, (Plymouth), G. R. Clelland (Stratford), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), Martin F. and R. Worts (Canterbury).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3091.—By PERCY HEALEY.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 2nd Any move
2. Mates.

PROBLEM No. 3094.—By W. A. CLARK.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

BY EMIL PRADINET.

White : K at K 7th, Q at K 6th, Kt at Q 4th, B at Q R 5th, P at Q B 3rd.
Black : K at Q B 4th, Q at Q Kt 8th, Kt at Q B 7th, B at Q R 3rd, R at Q 7th, Ps at Q Kt 2nd and K 6th.

White mates in two moves.

CHESS IN VIENNA.

Game played between Messrs. MIESES and MARCO.

(Mozio Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. Mieses).	BLACK (Mr. Marco).	WHITE (Mr. Mieses).	BLACK (Mr. Marco).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	Black is now safely entrenched against any attack.	
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	13. B to B 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	14. Q to R 6th	R to K Kt sq
4. B to B 4th	P to Kt 5th	15. B takes Kt	R to Kt 3rd
5. Castles	P to Q 4th	16. Q takes P	Kt takes B
6. B takes P	P takes Kt	17. Q to R 8th (ch)	R to Kt sq
7. Q takes P	P to Q B 3rd	18. Q to R 6th	Kt to Kt 5th
8. Q takes P	Kt to B 3rd	19. Q to B 4th	B to Q 3rd
A simple but very effective line of defence.		The ending is finely played by Black. If now Q takes B, Kt to B 7th (ch) wins.	
9. B to Kt 3rd	Q to Q 5th (ch)	20. Q to R 3rd	P to B 4th
10. K to R sq	B to K 2nd	21. R to K B sq	B to R 3rd
11. P to Q 3rd	B to K 3rd	22. B to Q 3rd	
12. B to Q 2nd	Q Kt to Q 2nd	Here B takes B would have saved him; but he is perhaps excusably blind to what is impending.	
		23. Q takes R	B to R 5th
		24. B takes B	B takes Q (ch)
		25. P takes B	Q takes B
		26. R to K R sq	R to K Kt sq
		27. R takes P (ch)	K to B 3rd
		28. R to R 6th	K to Kt 4th
		Giving up his Queen for two Rooks, after which the centre Pawns must win. The game was awarded one of the brilliancy prizes at Monte Carlo.	
		29. R takes Q (ch)	P takes R
		30. R takes Q	K takes R
		31. K to B 2nd	K to Kt 4th
		32. P to Kt 3rd	K to B 4th
		33. K to B 3rd	P to Q 5th
		34. B to Q 2nd	K to Q 4th
		35. B to K sq	R to Q B sq
		36. P to K Kt 4th	P takes P (ch)
		37. K takes P	R to B 7th
		38. P to Kt 3rd	P to Q 6th
		39. K to Kt 5th	P to Q 7th
		White resigns.	

CHESS IN MONTE CARLO.

Game played between Messrs. REGGIO and MIESES.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th	20. Q to R 3rd	P to B 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K 3rd	21. R to K B sq	B to R 3rd
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	22. B to Q 3rd	
4. Kt takes P	Kt to B 3rd	Here B takes B would have saved him; but he is perhaps excusably blind to what is impending.	
5. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	23. Q takes R	B to R 5th
6. Kt takes Kt	Kt P takes Kt	24. B takes B	B takes Q (ch)
7. P to K 5th	Kt to Q 4th	25. P takes B	Q takes B
8. Kt to K 4th	Q to B 2nd	26. R to K R sq	R to K Kt sq
9. P to K B 4th	P to K 4th	27. R takes P (ch)	K to B 3rd
10. P tks P (ex. pas.)	Kt takes P (B 3)	28. R to R 6th	K to Kt 4th
11. Kt takes Kt (P) takes Kt		Giving up his Queen for two Rooks, after which the centre Pawns must win. The game was awarded one of the brilliancy prizes at Monte Carlo.	
12. Q to R 5th (ch)		29. R takes Q (ch)	P takes R
13. B to Q 2nd	P to Q 4th	30. R takes Q	K takes R
14. P to B 4th		31. K to B 2nd	K to Kt 4th
A flash of play that serves no purpose. He should prepare for castling at the earliest possible opportunity. Of course, if P takes P, R 15. B to Q R 6th wins the Queen.		32. P to Kt 3rd	K to B 4th
15. Q to R 4th	R to Kt 5th	33. K to B 3rd	P to Q 5th
16. B to B 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd	34. B to Q 2nd	K to Q 4th
A clever reply. If now 17. B takes P, Q to K 6th (ch), followed by R takes P, would give Black a distinct advantage.		35. B to K sq	R to Q B sq
17. B to K 2nd	K to Q 2nd	36. P to K Kt 4th	P takes P (ch)
18. P takes P	B P takes P	37. K takes P	R to B 7th
19. R to Q sq	K R to Kt sq	38. P to Kt 3rd	P to Q 6th
		39. K to Kt 5th	P to Q 7th
		White resigns.	

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FISHING "PERMITS."

If the golfer is ever growing a more numerous species, and ever extending his area of conquest, so, too, is the Waltonian; and with a little more encouragement and a little more scope for his activities, he would multiply much faster than he does. But fishing rights are increasing in value, and every man who is lucky enough to possess such securities knows their value and insists on maintaining them. Thirty, or even twenty years ago, things were less stringent, and in those golden days the right to fish for trout was much easier to obtain; but times have changed, and the rivers are decidedly more difficult of access for the poor man who is unendowed with a stretch of stream which he can call his own. Here and there, it is true, one may find a free reach of water, belonging to some ancient burgh, or generously thrown open by some exceptionally liberal proprietor; but in general every river that is worth fishing is closely forbidden to casual visitors, and from source to mouth its pools and streams are parcelled out among riparian proprietors, who with unanimous voice exclaim, “Fishing strictly prohibited!” Your impudent pot-hunter of Radical tenets will still resent the charge of poaching, and will on occasion outdo the keeper's authority, and hurl back defiant words at his tormentor; no right-thinking man, however, likes to be found trespassing and liable to ignominious reproof. It follows that anglers of this better type prefer to arm themselves with proper permits, if such can be obtained. We are safe to say that every proprietor who has a good fishing stretch is daily in receipt of polite requests to fish for trout in his waters, and no doubt he feels a difficulty in knowing how to deal with such applications. One way out of the difficulty is to decline all applications, except those of personal friends; another is to grant leave to those applicants of whom he knows something, or for whose respectability he can vouch. Another way of solving the problem, and it seems to us an excellent plan, is to set apart a certain limited portion of his reach, and allow it to be the happy hunting-ground for the selected applicants. This, of course, is only possible when the proprietor has a somewhat extended river-bank. Still, it is but fair to remark that if a man has only a trifling section of the river for the private use of himself and friends, the casual fisherman has sufficient delicacy of feeling to refrain from making request to share it. We have in practice seldom found that a courteous appeal to enjoy the privilege of a day's fishing has failed of a favourable response, or if, through special circumstances, such as the presence of friends on the water, the appeal was dismissed, it has always been in a courteous and gentlemanly way. True if an angler is greedy, and asks for leave over a period of weeks, he must be content with less than his desires; but, on the whole, our impression is that proprietors are wisely generous, and this is as it should be.

After all, what is it they give? Permission to catch fish if we can. The privilege sometimes amounts to very little. How few are the days on which full baskets are possible! The number of expert anglers is really small, and in general the diminution of the finny denizens even

FATAL DISASTER AVOIDED BY THE "RUSSELL" TREATMENT FOR THE CURE OF CORPULENCY.

The other day the newspapers reported the death of a gentleman who, having hurried to catch a train, expired immediately on entering the carriage. The deceased, who was of a corpulent habit, was the victim of fatty degeneration of the heart, a disease which menaces thousands of persons who neglect the attempt to rid the system of the layers of superfluous fat which, in the extremely stout, gradually form round the vital organs, the heart and liver. It is not our wish to alarm our stout friends, but rather our desire to point to the utter needlessness of bearing a wearisome burden of fat which can be safely and surely removed by the agreeable treatment known to science as the "Russell" treatment. This famous method of fat-reduction has existed for over twenty years, and perhaps as many thousands of persons in that space of time have found permanent comfort and health, and renewed grace and symmetry of proportions, from having followed a short course of the "Russell" régime, which has achieved world-wide fame, as witness the many laudatory articles that have appeared in the medical and other papers. What has made the "Russell" treatment so famous is that it is the only permanent and radical remedy for obesity which is at the same time a builder-up of muscular and nervous strength and energy. Nothing can

change that fact; it is proved by the written testimony of thousands who have benefited by the treatment. Some of this grateful testimony is reproduced in the book entitled "Corpulence and the Cure," by Mr. F. Cecil Russell, the discoverer of the treatment which bears his name. "Corpulence and the Cure" may indeed be looked upon as the standard authority on everything appertaining to the causes and the cure of obesity, and is now in its nineteenth edition. If for the above-mentioned testimony alone, the book may be cordially recommended to all our stout friends; but it contains also, amongst a mass of useful and instructive matter, the recipe of Mr. Russell's preparation in proof of its purely vegetable and harmless character. This liquid compound acts somewhat in this way: it gradually destroys the unwholesome and dangerous deposits of excessive fat, and eliminates them from the system; at the same time, it acts as a powerful tonic, aiding digestion and nutrition and increasing appetite. By this means much more nourishment is needed, and, of course, taken, with the greatest benefit to health and strength. The loss of weight is almost immediately apparent, for twenty-four hours after commencing the régime the scales will show a decrease varying from $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 2 lb. When normal dimensions are attained, the treatment may be discontinued.

It will be gathered from the foregoing remarks that where there is actual, sometimes imminent, danger in neglecting to stem the increase of fat, the sufferer from stoutness has only himself, or herself, to blame if fatty degeneration of the organs causes disaster. When such an admirable health-renewing method of cure as the "Russell" treatment exists, it is almost criminal to pass it by. Those who are interested may obtain a copy of "Corpulence and the Cure" by sending three penny stamps to Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

POINTS FOR THE PORTLY. Why the "Russell" Treatment is Famous.

The "Russell" treatment has gained its world-wide reputation—First, because it is based on rational scientific principles, not the least of which is that it is of no use to reduce the subject in weight without increasing strength and vitality at the same time; Secondly, because it is invariably recommended enthusiastically, by every person who has followed it, to his (or her) stout friends and acquaintances; Thirdly, it always effects what is promised—viz., a permanent cure. If our frequent announcements in the magazines and journals have not convinced you of the great efficacy of the "Russell" treatment, the fault is in the announcements and not in the treatment.

What the "Russell" Treatment will effect.

Within twenty-four hours of adopting the "Russell" treatment the subject will experience a loss of weight in superfluous fat varying from $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 2 lb. in ordinary cases. Where the corpulence is very excessive the decrease will be much more. Following this there will be a sure and steady daily decrease until normal weight and elegance of figure are regained. The treatment may then cease with full assurance that the cure is radical and permanent. Owing to the tonic action of the principal curative agent used, increased strength and vitality will keep pace with the gradual attainment of symmetrical proportions.

How the "Russell" Treatment acts.

The chief curative agent employed, of which the recipe is given in "Corpulence and the Cure" (see notice below), is a harmless liquid of purely herbal constituents. Whilst assisting in the daily reduction described, this admirable tonic promotes a keen appetite and powerfully assists digestion and assimilation. The larger amount of nutriment required by the treatment thus goes to the supply of new rich blood and healthy muscular tissue; nerve force and brain power are increased. After a course of "Russell" the subject is the possessor of health, strength, and energy beyond all previous anticipations.

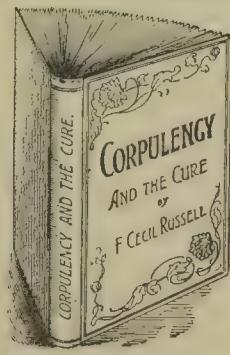
How to Study the "Russell" Treatment.

None could be expected to adopt such a treatment without serious study. The means is to hand. Mr. F. Cecil Russell is the author of the standard work on the causes and the cure of obesity. This work, entitled "Corpulence and the Cure" (256 pages), will be sent to stout readers of *The Illustrated London News* who will send three penny stamps (for private postage) to F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

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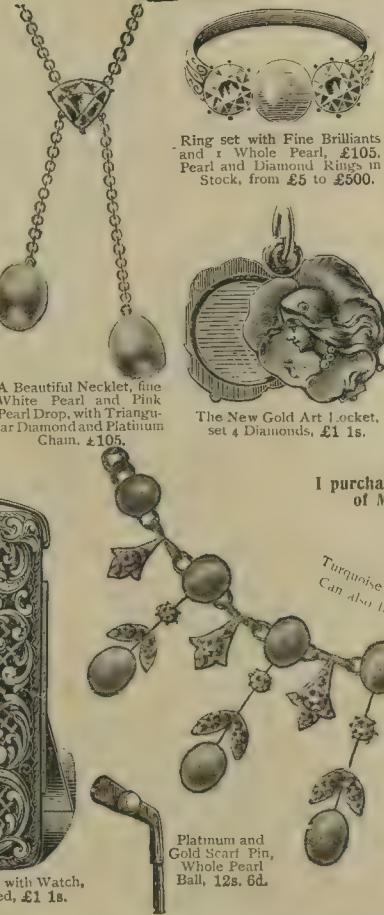
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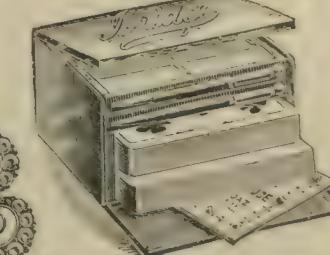
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and various similar galons in which there is much red and bright blue colour artistically softened, however, by judicious arrangement. A new form of trimming, introduced by a leading firm, has a great deal of platinum used in it to brighten the embroidery. The advantage of it is that it does not tarnish, even when exposed to sea-mists, as we all know, from sad experience, ordinary gold and silver will do. I remember having a delightful blue face-cloth dress, elaborately embroidered in wheels of fine silver cord, brought home to me from a leading ladies' tailor, with a message that I should always keep the silver trimming covered with tissue-paper. I laughingly inquired how, then, I was to wear the dress, but the assistant who was trying it on, replied, with firmness and gravity, "Madam, we cannot guarantee silver against tarnish when uncovered." This sad liability has almost driven the bright threads of the precious metals out of use upon day gowns; but the new idea of employing platinum and aluminium threads allows us once more to have this most pleasing of decorations.

Many of the newest tailor-mades have three-quarter length coats. It seems tolerably clear that this will be the prevailing fashion for the autumn. There were, however, many short coats on view in the Club enclosure at Cowes, worn by women who think that the three-quarter or half-length of a coat breaking the line of the skirt is ungraceful. Some chic little coats are quite short all round, but relieved at the back by postillion tails, and at the front by stole-ends falling well below the waist. Some of the coats which are made with a rather deep basque are arranged to be belted round the waist, the front of the belt being carefully made to come much lower than the back, and a very slight pouch being allowed for at the front, at any rate, and possibly at the back also. The point I have just referred to—the necessity of keeping the front of the belt much lower than the back—is quite indispensable to a fashionable appearance at present. It has long been known to the French dressmakers that this greatly improves the appearance of the average figure, and they have taken care to keep their bodices well pulled down at the front, while the less skilful English dressmakers have been anxiously making "the long back," and disregarding the clumsiness that inevitably results from the waist-line rising in the least degree towards the front. Lately, of course, the sagging of the belt to the front of the figure has been carried somewhat to excess. But it is a fault in the right direction for elegance, and any well-made coat or bodice at present, and any blouse properly worn, never fails to have somewhat of a downward inclination at the front.

There has been the usual batch of smart weddings to close the Season. One of the prettiest was that of Lord Vivian with Miss Fanning, daughter of Mrs. McCalmont and granddaughter of Sir Henry de Bathe. The bridal dress was most uncommon, as it was copied from an old picture. It was Empire in outline, the high



A GARDEN-PARTY DRESS IN LIGHT STAMINE.

waist coming under a deep falling berthe of old lace; and then it had a wide hem of the same lovely material of which the entire train was composed—namely, a white stamped velvet elaborately embroidered with silver cord; the wedding wreath was of myrtle, and the bouquet was a sheaf of Madonna lilies laid upon the arm. The bridesmaids (who included the bridegroom's sisters, the twin Misses Vivian, who are Maids-of-Honour to the Queen) also wore Empire gowns trimmed with silver embroidery, and carried sheaves of lilies as their bouquets. Their wreaths were particularly pretty, consisting of Empire flat garlands of silver laurel leaves; so, altogether, the bridal party was very original and extremely charming to see. The bride's widowed mother discarded her mourning for the day, as it is usual—and certainly most pleasant—to see done in such cases. She wore grey crêpe-de-Chine, with touches of violet velvet ribbon. Lady Muriel Fox-Strangways, the daughter of the Earl of Ilchester, at her marriage to Mr. Digby, wore a dress almost covered with fine old Brussels point, which had been worn by her mother at her wedding. The front of the wedding gown was embroidered in an ostrich-feather design with silver, crystal and real lace, with excellent effect. Lady Muriel's bridesmaids wore white silk and chiffon, with green belts. A third aristocratic bride was Lady Kathleen Cole, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Enniskillen. This wedding was so quietly celebrated that there were neither bridesmaids nor pages; but the bride had a dainty gown of white chiffon gauged at the top of the skirt and finely tucked and frilled round the foot.

Our illustrations this week are gowns for English garden-party or foreign Casino wear. One is a "three-decker" skirt and loose bolero of black canvas, with pastille spots for edging; the other dress is a light stamine decorated with tucks and rows of lace insertion.

The annual meeting of the Association for Teaching the Deaf to Speak by Lip-Reading was held, rather unwisely, late in the season, so that apologies were more numerous than attendances on the part of fashionable supporters of the charity. The object is to teach those children who are dumb simply because they have been born deaf, to speak, by making them feel the movements of the teachers' throats and watching the action of the lips. They do thus learn something of speech, and can understand what is said by people who have had no special instruction how to speak to them. True, the deaf person's own speech is apt to be painful to listen to, being so dreadfully monotonous; but still, it is a great matter to place them even so far as is actually done in communication with the world.

Messrs. McVitie and Price, of the St. Andrew Biscuit Works, Edinburgh, and the Edinburgh Biscuit Works, London, who a few months ago received a warrant of appointment from his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, have now had the honour of receiving a royal warrant of appointment as biscuit-manufacturers to his Majesty the King.

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For the Children's Bath.
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The venerable Bishop Ridley has so greatly improved in health that he has started on a visit to the mission stations of his diocese of Caledonia. He is no longer equal to the walking expeditions of his younger days, and will travel by steamer or canoe. The Bishop will definitely resign his see next year, when he is going with a C.M.S. deputation to Australasia.

Almost all the Bishops are absent on holiday, and several of them have gone abroad. It is noteworthy that while the "provincial Bishops"—if one may call them so—are content with a month or five weeks, the Bishop of London and his Suffragans have wisely arranged to

resignation as evidence of the high sense of duty which has always guided his actions.

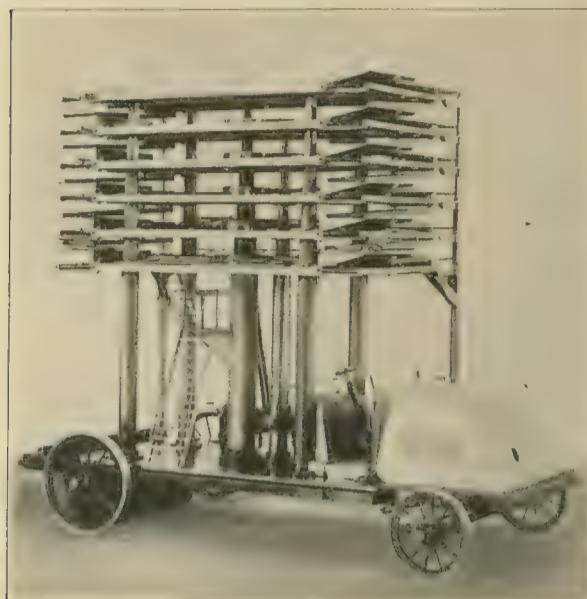
The Bishop of Truro has written a beautifully worded letter to the diocese, in reference to the completion of the Cathedral. He quotes the words of Heine, when looking at the Cathedral of Amiens—"Convictions can build cathedrals; opinions cannot." Dr. Gott urges that the new Cathedral is a great responsibility for all the diocese, and asks that it should be regarded, "not as a show-place, but a house of prayer; not the brightest ornament of Cornwall, but the place where men and women and their children become the jewels on the breast-plate of our High Priest."

The London house of the Cowley Fathers, in Dartmouth Street, Westminster, is to be sold, and another site has been secured on the cleared space opposite the southern gate out of Dean's Yard. Father Waggett, who is in charge of the work, considers this an excellent position for the purposes of a religious society, as it is near the Abbey, Westminster School, and the Church House. A cordial welcome has been offered by Archdeacon Wilberforce and the Dean of Westminster.

The Church papers have published long and sympathetic articles dealing with Pope Pius X. It is remarkable, however, that little or no fresh light has been thrown on his character or public career. The articles are nearly all written round the same meagre biographical information. The *Record* says: "We cannot pretend to any enthusiasm for the personality of the successor of Leo XIII.," and in discussing the Conclave suggests that the rigorous imprisonment of the Cardinals and all the precautions to which they are subjected "do not suggest an implicit confidence in their sense, their firmness, or their honesty." Is not this drawing a rather uncharitable inference from the observance of an ancient historic custom?

Dr. George Lorimer, whose engagement at Marylebone Presbyterian Church comes to an end next Sunday, has been most successful in drawing crowds during the height of the holiday season. Persons of all denominations have come to hear his eloquent and powerful sermons. Dr. Lorimer's discourses never last less than a hour, and though some may think this an unreasonable limit for the hottest month of the year, it must be acknowledged that he spares no pains in his pulpit preparation.

V.

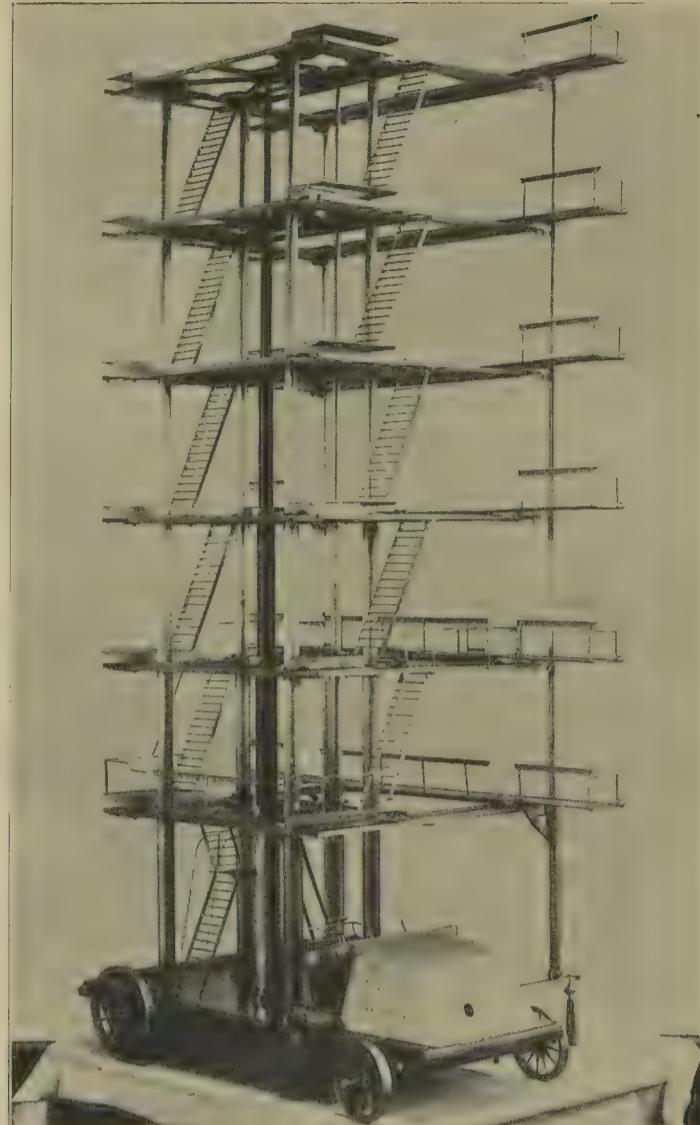


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rest for two months. Dr. Ingram has had no real holiday since his New Year's visit to Bournemouth, for his Continental tour at Easter was crowded with engagements. He is now staying with his brother, the Rector of Ross.

Sir George Reid is to be asked to paint a portrait of Bishop Moorhouse, and an important committee is appealing for the necessary funds. In its circular the committee speaks of the circumstance of Dr. Moorhouse's



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"Thanks to your wonderful tonic she is now completely set up again, and I must beg you to accept from me the heartfelt gratitude of a mother to the preserver of her child."

"I authorise you to publish this letter, and shall be glad if it should prove of assistance to other mothers."

"I remain, dear Sirs, yours faithfully, Madame JAVEY."

"Dear Sirs,—Will you send me 12 bottles again? I am leaving for Nice on my automotor car, and I want your tonic on the way. I expect I shall be a running advertisement for you, as I like it very much indeed."

"12, Rue Portalis."

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ART NOTES.

Mr. Whistler is not likely to wait as long as Velasquez (again dragged in) for a biography. The Spaniard waited for a separate book about himself until the nineteenth century; and it was an Englishman, Sir William Sterling-Maxwell, who first reared for him a fitting literary monument. On Mr. Whistler's "Life" busy pens are already at work. Mrs. Pennell will have under her control all the letters and papers of the dead artist; and the fact that his sister, Lady Haden, fully approves of this choice of a biographer may probably be taken as a guarantee that certain ancient enmities associated with Mr. Whistler and his "gentle art" will not be insisted upon in the records that are to be officially put forth.

Mr. Mortimer Menpes, on whom, as on Sir Seymour Haden and many another, Mr. Whistler sharpened the pen of his incisive epigrams, has already taken in hand a book about Whistler; and here, again, though the story of the quarrel may be humorously told, the main motive of Mr. Menpes will be to offer a record of his friendship—not of his fight—with the artist whom he ceased to know but never ceased to admire. Mr. Whistler was an artist in his quarrels. He knew exactly what to reject in presenting his case; he knew where to deepen the shadows. Perhaps it is inevitable that the other party to the quarrel should wish to fill in certain lines that have been lost, and to erase some blots that make more for effect than for truth. But the quarrels of Mr. Whistler should die with him: the insistence of them by partisans on either side will be a weariness to the spirit.

When Leo XIII. was crowned in the Sistine Chapel an English artist happened to be in Rome—Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema. He was there, however, as a student of the past rather than of the present, and he has given us no souvenirs of the picturesque ceremonies by which he was surrounded. The hot season is not the time which tempts the English artist to Italy. But Mr. Thaddeus, who did work of the kind in the last Pontificate, has been in Rome during the past fortnight,



THE FRANKFORT SHIELD, SHOT FOR AT BISLEY BY TEAMS FROM PUBLIC AND GRAMMAR SCHOOLS.

The Frankfort Shield was shot for by representatives of the lesser public and grammar schools which do not enter for the Ashburton. The new shield, which was won by the Grocers' Company's School, is of solid silver, and was given in memory of the late Major-General Viscount Frankfort de Montmorency. It is the work of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W.

and has attended some of the great functions, sketch-book in hand.

Among the few exhibitions now open is the collection, at the Carfax Gallery, of pastels and sketches by the late Mr. J. T. Nettleship, who was so fine a draughtsman of the wild beasts of the earth. Although no tigers in pastel have been or will be so mighty as the tiger of Blake's poem, some of the better among Mr. Nettleship's drawings inspire the same fearsome admiration as do the lines—

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

But Mr. Nettleship certainly achieved much. The animals of his creation live; nowhere on their skins or in their manners is there evidence of a tamer's dominion; and they are, in truth, the inhabitants of those backgrounds of jungle and rocky clearing against which the artist's eye saw them. Especially intimate is the study of "Lion and Lioness Drinking." Here two splendid animals, head to head, lap with the fervour of great thirst from a small stream. "Lion-Cubs at Play" is another excellent drawing, full of action—action that would be too rough for the hardiest of International footballers.

We congratulate those who are responsible for the appearance in the National Gallery of the two great works of Tintoretto, hitherto hidden in the twilight of Hampton Court. These two pictures, "The Nine Muses in Olympus" and "Esther Before Ahasuerus," blazed forth in their glory from the walls of Burlington House in the Winter Exhibition at the beginning of this year; and we then suggested that such grand examples of Venetian art could find no space quite worthy except in Trafalgar Square. There, in the large gallery, where Tintoretto was already well represented, they now hang. "Lent by His Majesty the King," is the inscription; and we hope the loan may be a long one. Good interest will certainly be paid for it in the gratitude of art-students and the public.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 4, 1902) of Mr. George Henry Schofield, J.P., of Oaklands, Greenfield, Yorkshire, who died on May 25, was proved on Aug. 5 by George Arthur Schofield, the son, Percy Stancliffe, the son-in-law, and Asheton Henry Atkinson, the executors, the value of the estate being £378,819. The testator gives shares of the value of £89,886, in trust, for his son; shares of the value of £50,841, in trust, for his daughter Mrs. Ethel Annie Rowland Stancliffe; £400 to Asheton Henry Atkinson; and legacies to servants and persons in his employ. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

The will (dated Jan. 26, 1900) of Mr. John Clough, of The Hob Hill, Steeton, Yorkshire, who died in May, has been proved by Thomas Clough, the brother, the value of the estate being £268,538. The testator gives the Hob Hill property and £33,000 to his nephew, John Clough; his leasehold premises in Bradford and £33,000 to his nephew, William Clough; £15,000 each to his nieces, Mary Townsend and Elizabeth Speak; £46,000 to his nephew, Samuel Clough; £43,000 to his nephew, Joseph Dawson Clough; and £40,000 to his nephew, Robert Clough. The residue of his property he leaves to his brother.

The will and codicils of Mr. William Hounsell, J.P., D.L., of Dykes Court, Bridport, Dorset, who died on June 12, have been proved by Charles George Nantes and Thomas Alfred Colfox, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £186,548. The testator gives his real and leasehold property to Mrs. Hebe Julia Dammers for life, and then for her children, but

charged with the payment of £150 per annum to his sister Harriett; £7000 to Amy Vaughan Rawlinson; £5000 to Charles Montague Dammers; £2000 each to George and Wilfred Fowler; £5000 to Lombard Schenk; £4000 to Hounsell Schenk; £4000 to and £10,000 in trust for Colonel Charles Dammers; £4000 to his sister Mrs. Emily Dammers; £4000 to his niece Baroness von Polenz; and many other legacies. He also gives £1250 each to the London Orphan Asylum and the Cancer Hospital (Brompton); £250 each to the London City Mission, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, the Thames Church Mission, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the British and Foreign Bible Society; £1000, in trust, for the support of the Parish Church, St. Andrew's Church, and the National Schools at Bradpole; and £500, in trust, for the support of the National School at Allington. On the respective deaths of his sisters, the testator bequeaths £1000 each to the London City Mission, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, the Thames Church Mission, the Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen, and the Royal Hospital for Incurables; £500 each to the Church of England Society for Providing Homes for Waifs and Strays and the Dorset County Hospital; £1000 to the Bridport Dispensary and Cottage Hospital; and £250 each to the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society, the Weymouth and Dorset Eye Institution, and the North-West London Hospital. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for Katherine Jane Templer and her children.

The will (dated June 17, 1902), with a codicil (dated March 21, 1903), of Mr. Moses Bottomley, of Woodleigh Hall, Rawdon, Yorks, and of Bradford, has been proved

by Mrs. Susannah Bottomley, the widow, and Lucius Herbert Ingram Bottomley and William Arthur Augustus Bottomley, the sons, the value of the estate being £157,505. The testator bequeaths his warehouse in Bradford and the capital and interest of his partnership business to his two sons; £300, and the use of Woodleigh Hall, or £1500 should she cease to reside there within eighteen months of his decease, to his wife; £250 to St. Catherine's House for Cancer, Bradford; £250 for such religious and charitable institutions in connection with the Church of England as his executors shall select; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, to pay such a sum as, with the income from certain settled property, will make up £2500 per annum to his wife, and, during her life, £500 per annum each to his married daughters, £250 per annum to his single daughters, and the remainder of the income between his wife and daughters in the same proportions. On her decease he gives £60,000 to his daughters, £20,000 as his wife shall appoint to his daughters and their issue, and the ultimate residue as she shall appoint to his children.

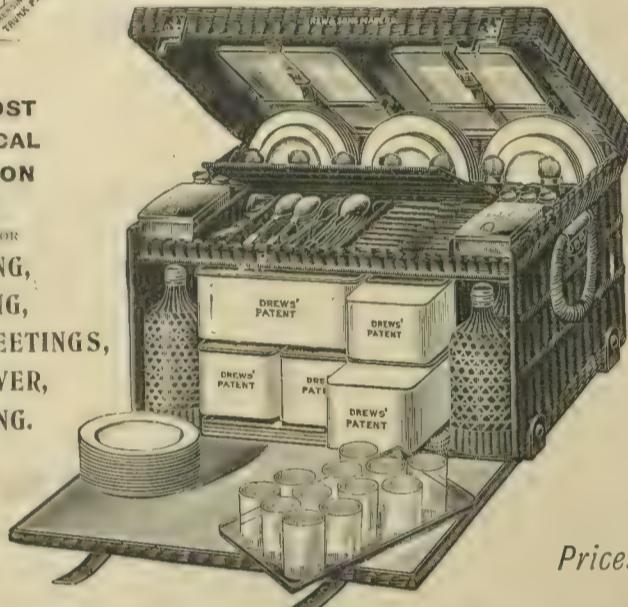
The will (dated Oct. 9, 1897) of Henry Verney, Baron Willoughby de Broke, of Kinton, Warwick, who died at sea on Dec. 19, was proved on Aug. 3 by Richard Greville, now Lord Willoughby de Broke, the son, the value of the real and personal estate being £72,302.

The will (dated June 30, 1898) of Captain William James Bird, of Eldon Lodge, Victoria Road, Kensington, who died on June 20, was proved on July 31 by William Harwood, Richard Blamey Magor, and Charles Watson Hill, the executors, the value of the estate being



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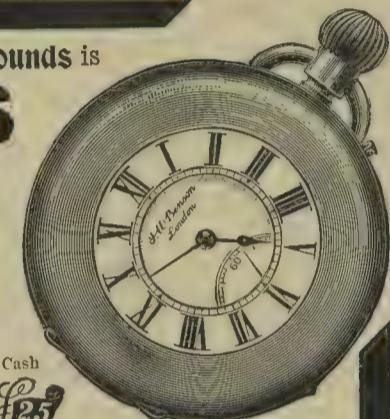
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£59,717. The testator gives £100 each to his executors; and £500, the household effects, and during her widowhood the income from one-half of the residuary estate, or an annuity of £600 in the event of her remarriage, to his wife, Mrs. Edith Ellen Bird. Subject thereto, he leaves all his property to his children.

The will (dated May 15, 1900), with two codicils (dated May 13, 1902, and March 24, 1903), of Miss Mary Thompson, of Clayton, Crescent Road, Bournemouth, who died on June 7, has been proved by Joseph Bevan Braithwaite, James Gwyther, and William Howard Winterbotham, the executors, the value of the estate being £54,657. The testatrix bequeaths two water-colours by George Richmond to the South Kensington Museum; £100 to Joseph Bevan Braithwaite; £300 to Dr. Arthur Edward Sansom; £5000 and the household furniture to James Gwyther; and some small legacies. The residue of her property she leaves between the London Hospital (Whitechapel), the London City Mission, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest (City Road), and the Surgical Aid Society (Salisbury Square).



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MISCELLANEOUS.

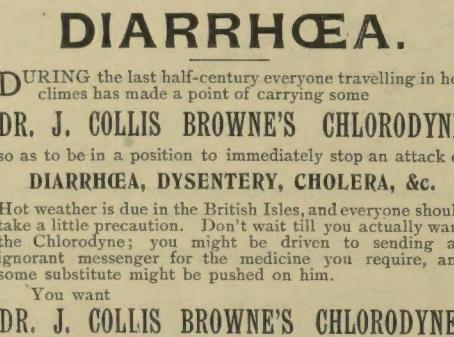
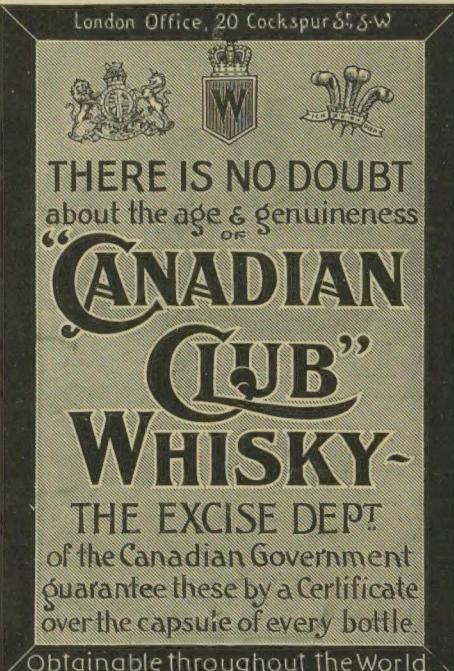
A useful little book, giving very full and valuable information respecting the company's hotels, restaurant-trains, and general traffic arrangements, has just been published by the Great Northern Railway Company. The object of the book is to indicate briefly a few of the principal places and districts of interest served by the Great Northern Railway and to specify the various arrangements which have been framed for the comfort and convenience of travellers over the system.

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We regret that the source of the drawing, "A Greek Play in an Ancient Roman Amphitheatre," which appeared in the last issue of *The Illustrated London News*, was, by an error, not acknowledged. The photograph from which it was made was by M. Léon Bouët, Paris.



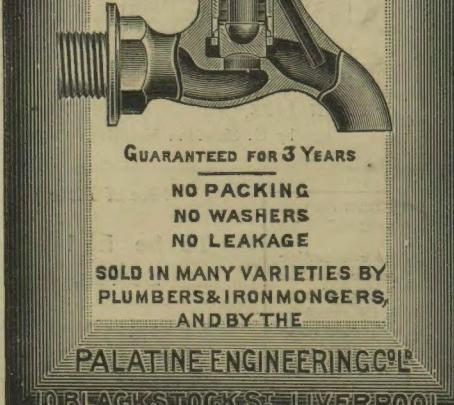
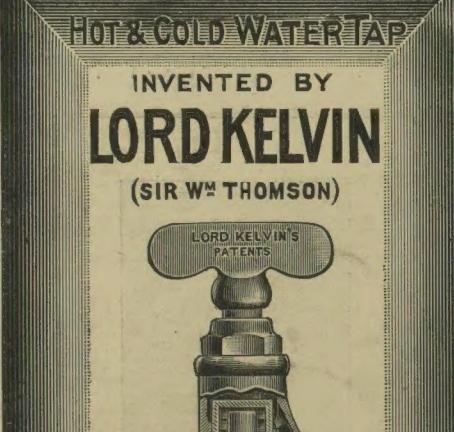
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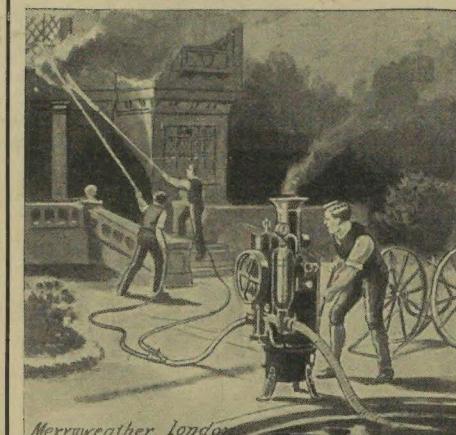
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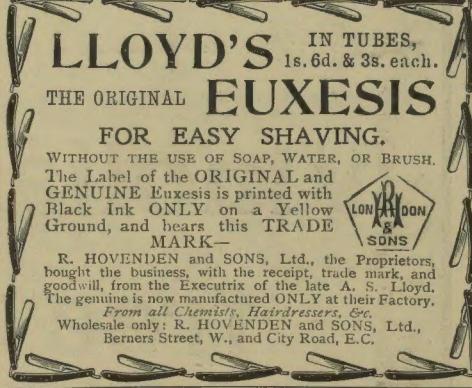
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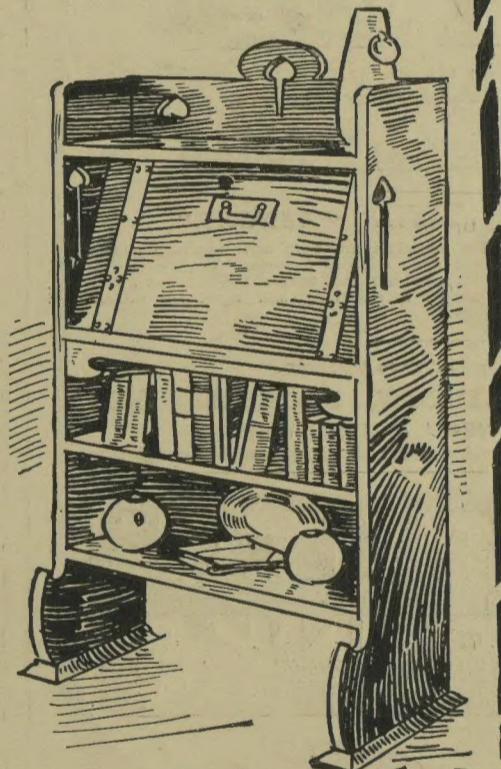
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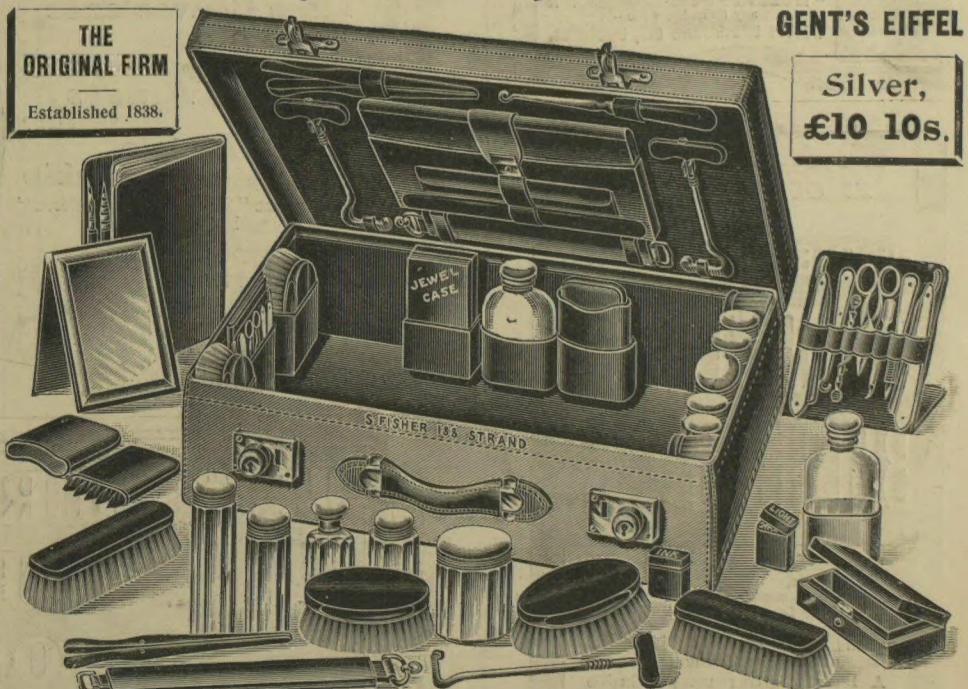
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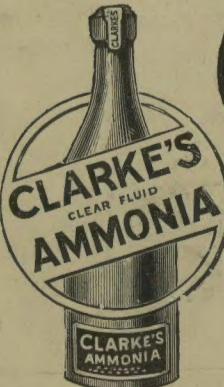
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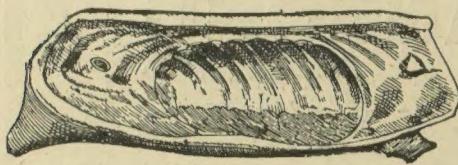
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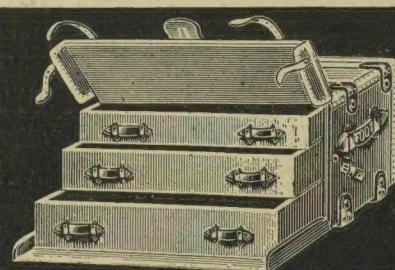
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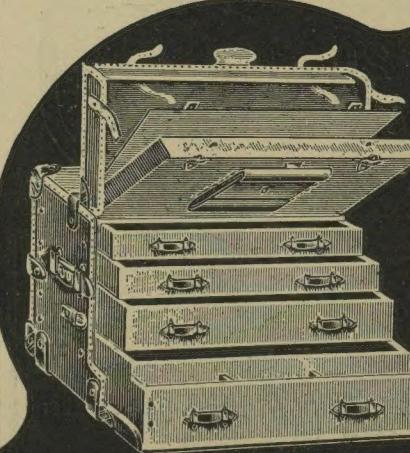
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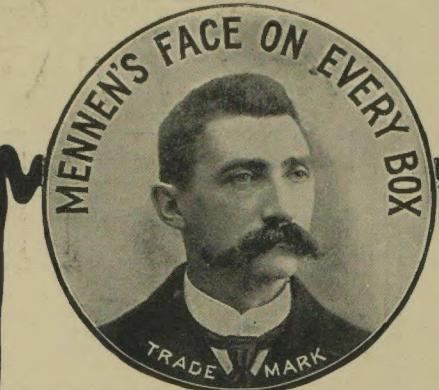


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